A

COLLECTION

Of ORIGINAL

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

By JOHN WHALEY, *M. A.*

Fellow of *King's-College, Cambridge.*

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORATIO WALPOLE, Eſq.

Uſher of His Majeſty's Exchequer;

THESE

POEMS

Are moſt humbly inſcribed,

By his moſt obliged,

and obedient humble Servant,

J. WHALEY.

Mr. Whaley died at Norwich Dec: 1745.

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A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

CORNARO and the *TURK*, A TALE.

WHERE, mid' *Italia*'s ever sunny Lands,
Fast by the Streams of *Po Ferrara* stands,
At Manhood's full Increase now just arriv'd,
In splendid Leisure young *Cornaro* liv'd;
Of a full Bed the first and best belov'd,
Each Gift kind Nature lent him, Art improv'd,

He knew and lov'd his City; yet wou'd know
What other Cities diff'rent had to ſhow;
Eager to gratify his ſtretching Mind,
In One ſmall Realm too narrowly confin'd.
To tell his Sire his Wiſh, was to ſucceed;
The Son but hinted, and the Sire agreed.
Then, as became him, full ſupply'd he went,
And to [a] *Livernia* firſt his Way he bent;
On whoſe fair Shore each diſtant Nation meets,
And fills, with various Tongues, her Peopled Streets.
Each Object there his ſtrict Attention drew,
Much he obſerv'd, yet ſtill found ſomething new,
And ſought it ſtill, for, Knowledge all his End,
Him, who cou'd that advance, he thought his Friend;
To Rich and Poor alike he caſt his Eye,
As 'twas a Treaſure they might both enjoy,

[a] *Leghorn*, a great and rich City and Seaport in *Italy*.

And

And he might teach him who the Veſſel ſteer'd,
What the rich Freighter thought not worth Regard.

Of graceful Preſence and inviting Mien,
He in each Place of full Reſort was ſeen,
On the throng'd Quay, or in the buſy Hall,
And ſkill'd in Tongues, ſeem'd Countryman to all;
To Obſervation deep Reflection join'd,
And fix'd the gather'd Honey in his Mind.

His Lodging on a large Quadrangle's Side,
To him ſtill Thinking, farther Thought ſupply'd;
And as each Hour of paſſing Day went by,
Some Scene, worth Note, ſtill met his curious Eye.

Yet one among the reſt he long had weigh'd
And oft'neſt ſeen the ſtronger Mark it made;
For the ſad Sigh that keen Misfortune drew
Still to his Breaſt an eaſy Paſſage knew.

As he each Morn the riſing Sun beheld,
E'er yet the moving Square with Crouds was fill'd,

On one ſame Spot, as ſtill he look'd around,
One ſolitary Wretch he always found;
A Porter's Garb declar'd his preſent Yoke,
But his whole Mien a Birth far diff'rent ſpoke.
In his ſwoln Breaſts, Sighs, ſpite of Shame, wou'd riſe,
And Tears, kept back, flow'd faſter from his Eyes,
Which with the knotted Rope he wip'd away,
Sad Enſign of his Fortune's deep decay!

The Youth, who pitying ſaw the frequent Grief,
Thought Pity blameful carrying no Relief;
So, generouſly curious, ſought to know,
In hopes to eaſe, the Cauſe of ſo much Woe;
And call'd him from his melancholy Stand.
He came — and ſilent waited his Command;
Thinking ſome Errand wou'd a Mite afford,
Juſt to ſupport a Being he abhorr'd,
Which yet he durſt not of himſelf deſtroy,
Since Heav'n again might change the Grief it ſent to Joy.

But

But other Bus'neſs fill'd *Carnaro*'s Breaſt,
And his kind ſuit in tend'reſt Terms he preſt,
Wiſh'd that he won'd his cauſe of Grief impart,
To one who lov'd to ſooth an aching Heart,
And always thought, however low his Sphere,
A Man who felt Affliction worth his Care;
Yet here believ'd the Stroke of fickle Fate
Was fall'n on one had known a happier State.
" Then ſpeak, he ſaid, nor let falſe Shame conceal
" Whate'er with Truth a Suff'rer may reveal,
" And, if my happier Lot may eaſe thy Woes,
" Whate'er a Stranger's Ear may learn, diſcloſe.

The liſt'ning Wretch each Word with wonder heard,
Perceiv'd 'em Virtue's Dictates, and was chear'd,
Ventur'd to throw his ſlaviſh Badge aſide,
And thus with Manly Confidence reply'd,

" I was not always what I now appear;
" But Truths, thy Nobleneſs has challeng'd, hear.
" Firſt I'm a *Muſſul-man*, yet here confin'd
" Muſt wiſh thee, as thy milder Doctrines, kind.
" Oh! Love thy Faith, yet hate not me for mine,
" Which had, hadſt thou been born a *Turk*, been thine.
" Next know, e'er fall'n to this moſt abject State,
" *Smyrna* once ſaw me happy, tho' not great;
" By Merchandize with ſumptuous Affluence bleſt,
" And ſweet Content, which great ones ſeldom taſte.
" But Oh! to have been bleſt brings no Relief,
" But adds a ſtronger Bitterneſs to Grief;
" Forgive my Tears that utter, as they flow,
" A Son's, a Father's, and a Huſband's Woe;
" To ſwell each Sigh theſe various Sorrows join,
" For all thoſe dear Relations once were mine.
" Nor was it Hopes of adding to my Store,
" By lawleſs Plunder ſent me from my Shore,

" To gain in bleeding Fields a cruel Name,
" Or wiſh on ſlaughter'd Heaps to build my Fame.
" 'Twas Duty bid me watch the fav'ring Gale,
" And filial Love that hoiſted ev'ry Sail.
" 'Twas to a Father's fond Embrace I went,
" E'er yet his Lamp of Life was wholly ſpent;
" While ſtill a kneeling Son might pleaſe his Eye,
" And ſwell his aged Heart with tender Joy.
" For *Cyprus* then I ſail'd — what ſince befel
" Let theſe hard Chains, and this vile Habit tell;
" Which with for-ever growing Grief I bear,
" And now the fourth ſad Winter ſees me wear;
" And Years may roll on Years, unſtopp'd my Grief,
" Till welcome Death ſhall bring his laſt Relief,
" In whoſe cold Arms, by ſome dire chance betray'd,
" My Friends may long e'er this believe me laid,
" My fond old Sire perhaps, my Fate unknown,
" Wailing my raviſh'd Life, conſum'd his own;
" And oh! what Pangs my orphan Children feel,
" Haſt thou a tender Parent, thou canſt tell.

He ſtopp'd, — Tears drown'd his Accents, and the reſt
A Silence far beyond all Words expreſt.

Nor ſpoke *Cornaro* more — he too was mute,
Nor Language found his Fellow-grief to ſute;
But ſtruggling with a Tear-attended Sigh,
Juſt mutter'd out — " Friend, take this ſmall ſupply,
" 'Twill give thee ſome Relief — and were it mine
" To give, Freedom and Happineſs were thine.

He took the Gold and bow'd, and ſlow return'd,
And, as was wont, in hopeleſs Sadneſs mourn'd.

Cornaro ſee, in other Guiſe appear!
Sudden he ſtopp'd the commendable Tear.
" And he, he ſaid, my Soul, thy Joy expreſt,
" 'Tis in thy Pow'r to make the Wretched bleſt.
" Now am I bleſt indeed, ſince on my Wealth
" Depends another's Being, Freedom, Health.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis I can bid the Sun of Mercy ſhine;
" This Man's Peace, Life, and Liberty are mine.
" Whatever Joys he has or may receive,
" His Country, Children, Wives are mine to give;
" Now *India*'s Lord, amidſt his hoarded Store,
" And endleſs Mines, compar'd with me is poor.
" Quick then, *Cornaro* to his Ranſom flee,
" And let this Morning's Sun behold him free.
Strait to the Lordly Governor's he went,
His Name, his Rank, his Cauſe of coming ſent;
Nor need he long to wait, his Errand told,
Bringing, that ne'er refus'd Credential, Gold.
The Price requir'd for Liberty he gave,
And quick return'd to find the now but fancy'd Slave;
And ſaid, — " Be free: His Tranſports who can tell?
Proſtrate before him in wild Joy he fell,
Which only his who caus'd it cou'd excel.
Gladneſs and wonder in his Boſom wrought,
With lab'ring Gratitude his Soul was fraught,
Nor had he Pow'r to utter half he thought.

" Yet

" Yet, oh! my great Deliverer, he cry'd,
" Can ſuch amazing Worth in Man reſide?
" Or can it be that *Chriſtian* Doctrines teach
" Virtues beyond our ſacred Prophet's Reach?
" But oh! whate'er the wond'rous Cauſe, receive
" As much of Gratitude as Words can give;
" Nor let theſe burſting Tears its Force deſtroy,
" Slaves late of Grief, ſoft Offspring now of Joy.
" And how my Deeds ſhall with my Words agree,
" Let me once reach my Country, thou ſhalt ſee,
" And find thy mighty Bounty is not loſt.
" I ſcorn to aſk thee what my Freedom coſt,
" That to my Gratitude has no regard,
" Up to thy Worth I'll meaſure the Reward.
" Yet can that be"? " Stop there, *Cornaro* ſaid,
" If thou art happy, I am more than paid.
" But that thy Happineſs meet no delay,
" There's Gold wherewith to ſpeed thee on thy Way.

If

" If grateful thou wou'dſt be, at thy Return,
" Amid the Crouds that there in Bondage mourn,
" Search out ſome *Chriſtian* from the wretched Band
" Who beſt ſhall merit Freedom at thy Hand,
" Then think 'tis in thy Pow'r to pay my Debt,
" By ſhowing him the Mercy thou haſt met.

He ſaid, and to his Lodging back return'd,
(Honour's bright Lamp within him gently burn'd)
Felt and enjoy'd the Riot of his Breaſt,
While Conſcience furniſh'd out the noble Feaſt.

As free as Air from Priſon juſt broke out,
The *Turk* with rapid ſpeed the Harbour fought,
There found a Ship all trim with ſpreading Sails,
And juſt prepar'd to catch the coming Gales,
Smyrna her Port; with proſp'rous Winds ſhe flies,
And gives him to his Home and former Joys.

Livornia

Livornio now, as his *Ferrara* known,
Her Trade, her Arts, her Pleaſures all his own;
Where next for Knowledge was *Cornaro* flown?
For a Soul's Banquet far he need not fly,
Venice, old Ocean's faireſt Child, ſo nigh;
O'er the proud *Adriatick* where ſhe ſtood,
That ſwells unenvious of the *Tuſcan* Flood,
Tho' *Naples*, *Florence* on his Banks he names,
And to him *Tiber* pours from *Rome* his Streams.
When o'er the Continent fell Slav'ry flew,
Hither the Goddeſs *Liberty* withdrew;
Here plac'd her Cap, her Staff, her Armour here,
And, as her own fierce *Sparta*, held it dear.
Each Art and Science this their Dwelling own,
As Guardians to their Goddeſs *Freedom*'s Throne;
And as her Hand-Maid buſy Commerce toils,
Her Siſter Goddeſs *Plenty* chearful ſmiles.

Here

Here glad *Cornaro* fix'd; and hop'd to find
Whate'er might pleaſe a Knowledge-loving Mind,
Or where the Columns roſe with beauteous Wreath,
Or Sculpture ſeem'd to ſpeak, or Paint to breath;
And tho' each Day increas'd his curious Store
Thought his capacious Soul had room for more;
And little deem'd the Moment was ſo nigh,
When all theſe Pleaſures of his Breaſt ſhould die,
The Beams of Science from his Soul retire
And fade, extinguiſh'd by a nobler Fire;
As kindled Wood, howe'er its Flames may riſe,
When the bright Sun appears, in Embers dies.
Minerva ſudden from his Soul was fled,
And *Venus* reign'd ſucceſſive in her ſtead.
A thouſand fair ones of her frolick Train,
Long at the Youth had aim'd their Shafts in vain;
Lanc'd from the wanton Eye they ſought his Heart,
But Virtue's Temper ſtill repuls'd the Dart,

Nor all their Force nor Poiſon need he fear;
Virtue muſt tip the Point that enter'd there;
As Diamonds ſcorn the Pow'r of keeneſt Steel,
And touch'd alone by Fellow-Gems can feel.
One Glance at laſt an eaſy Paſſage found,
And undirected made the deeper Wound;
From Modeſty's bright Quiver it was ſent,
Nor knew its beauteous Owner where it went.
From chaſte *Delphina*'s pow'rful Eye it came,
Malta to *Venice* lent the charming Dame;
Malta, bleſt Iſle! Whoſe Daughters all are fair,
Whoſe Sons to Manly Fortitude are dear,
So properly do Love and Glory meet,
And Valour ſtill with Beauty holds his Seat.
Soon as his Breaſt receiv'd the potent Ray,
Whate'er poſſeſt it, inſtantly gave way;
As in the Wood before the Lightning's Beam,
Periſh the Leaves, and the whole Tree is Flame.

To *Venice* by a noble Father ſent,
Some pleaſing Months the Fair one there had ſpent,
Beneath a tender Uncle's careful Eye;
Where but to him ſhould then *Conzaro* fly?
To him he did each Circumſtance unfold,
His Country, Riches, Parentage he told;
At laſt confeſs'd his honourable Flame,
Begg'd his Permiſſion to addreſs the Dame,
And did his Leave obtain; nor long he ſu'd
E'er the coy Maid was in her turn ſubdu'd,
Nor Chaſtity itſelf a Bluſh put on,
To be by ſuch a Lover quickly won.

Smoothly thus far to Happineſs he went,
Nought now was wanting but the Sire's Conſent;
Which one, endow'd as he, was ſure to gain,
And needed only ſee him to obtain.

The

Th'obſerving Uncle mark'd the wond'rous Youth,
Fathom'd his Love, his Virtue, and his Truth;
Said — to her Father, pleas'd he, they wou'd ſpeed.
He ſaid, and ſtrait th'enamour'd Youth agreed.

Lo! with its precious freight the Veſſel ſtor'd,
Cornaro and his Happineſs on Board;
Bleſt with chaſte Beauty he ſuch Trifles ſcorn'd,
As *Jaſon* ſtole, or *Menelaus* mourn'd.
Can Gold the Heart like piercing Beauty move?
Or what is Luſt compar'd with ſacred Love?

And now for *Malta* with full Sails they ſtand —
Saw, knew, and all but trod the wiſh'd for Land;
When oh! ſad Proof of Fortune's al'tring Brow,
Falſe as the Skies above, and Seas below!
A *Turkiſh* Galley mark'd 'em from a-far,
Purſu'd the Veſſel unprepar'd for War,

Reſiſtance vain with Numbers overbore,
And led them wretched Slaves to *Smyrna*'s Shore.

Can Words, what Thought can ſcarce conceive, expreſs,
The Uncle's, Virgin's, Lover's deep Diſtreſs?
Compar'd with which the mangling Knife wou'd pleaſe,
And the fierce Rack's ſevereſt Pain be Eaſe.
Death in his horrid'ſt Form had met their Pray'rs,
But that was Liberty, and ſo not theirs.

And now to publick Sale expos'd they ſtood,
Amid the chaff'ring *Turks* inſulting Croud,
Immortal Souls, the Property decreed
Of the beſt Bidder, like the graſs-fed Steed.
E'en this the Lovers bore, each other near,
And, yet unparted, knew not full Deſpair.
But ſee! at length accompliſh'd Woe arrive,
To deal the laſt, worſt Wound ſhe had to give;

Her ſable Store ſhe cull'd the Dart to find,
Nor left one half ſo venom'd Shaft behind.

Amongſt the Dealers at this cruel Fair,
Traffick accurſt, that makes Mankind its Ware!
A youthful *Turk* paſs'd poor *Cornaro* by,
Health flush'd his Cheek, and Luſt enflam'd his Eye;
And to the Female Slaves his Way he bent;
'Twas there his Gold muſt have its wanton Vent.
How ſhould *Delphina* 'ſcape his prying Sight?
Too fatally, in ſpite of Anguiſh, bright!
Her Breaſt took Beauty from the heaving Sigh,
Nor cou'd the Tear, that drown'd, eclipſe her Eye;
But falling on her damaſk Cheek it ſtood,
Like the Pearl Dew-drop on the Morning Bud.
He quickly ſaw the too-diſtinguiſh'd Fair,
And thought his Prophet's Paradiſe was there.
Her Price at once unqueſtioning he paid,
The fatal Veil around her Beauties ſpread,
And led exulting off the ſwooning Maid.

'Twas

'Twas then *Cornaro* felt Deſpair compleat,
And knew the worſt Extreme of tort'ring Fate.
Furies to plague him more had ſtrove in vain,
And gnawing Vultures not encreas'd his Pain;
Too fierce for human Nature to ſuſtain.
He ſunk beneath his Sorrow's wondrous Load,
And ſenſeleſs from Exceſs of Pain he ſtood.

And now one graver *Turk* amongſt the reſt,
And more diſtinguiſh'd by his richer Veſt,
A nicer Curioſity expreſt,
Each Slave examin'd as he went along,
And on each Circumſtance attentive hung;
He aſk'd their Country, Parentage, and Name,
And how each mournful Wretch a Slave became.
Behold him to *Cornaro* then apply;
Full on his Face he fix'd his ſtedfaſt Eye,
Then aſk'd his Heart if what he ſaw was true,
And that it was from ſure Reflection knew.

His Nerves all trembling with the glad Surprize,
To Heav'n he ſtretch'd his Hands, and rais'd his Eyes,
And then — "I thank thee, *Mahomet*, he ſaid,
Hither by thy divine Direction led.
Sounds ſtruck *Cornaro*'s Ear he ought to know,
And wak'd him from his diſmal Trance of Woe,
He ſaw the *Turk* prepar'd for his Embrace,
Mark'd the glad Tranſport ſparkling in his Face,
Saw 'twas the very Slave he once ſet free,
And cry'd aloud — Great God of Hoſts, 'tis he!

Then folded in each others Arms they ſtood,
And Voice was loſt in Joy's o'er-bearing Flood.

The *Turk* at length recov'ring rear'd his Head, —
" And now he cry'd, my mighty Debt be paid;
" Which, wert not Thou the Slave I here ſurvey,
" *Peruvian* Mines were much too poor to pay.

To

To the Man-Merchant then he ſtretch'd his Hand,
"And take, he ſaid, whate'er thy Wants demand;
" Quick ſet my Friend, and his Companions free,
" Name you the Price, unbart'ring I agree.

The Ranſom'd home he led in bounteous State,
His ſwelling Soul with Godlike Joy elate,
Joy ſuch as fill'd the great Creator's Breaſt,
When *Adam* in his Paradiſe he plac'd.

And now he calls his houſhold all in View,
To give his Freemen Gueſts their welcome due.
His lofty Hall with richeſt Sophas grac'd,
His Wives, his Children all in Order plac'd,
(Such was his Will tho' hidden his Intent)
Sate in mute Wonder waiting the Event.
Amidſt 'em all he then *Cornaro* led,
And wip'd away a Tear of Joy, and ſaid,

" Ye of my licens'd Bed the Partners fair,
" Who my divided Love yet equal ſhare;
" With whom ſo many pleaſing Moons I've ſpent,
" Nor known one ſhaded yet by Diſcontent:
" And ye, lov'd Iſſue of our honeſt Joys,
" If ought my Precepts did, ye gen'rous Boys:
" My Children, and my Wives, to whom I ne'er,
" But by my diſmal Exile, caus'd a Tear;
" If, ſince from that ſad Bondage I arriv'd,
" Your Griefs all periſh'd, and your Joys reviv'd,
" If, in my Abſence, ye not falſely mourn'd,
" If your vaſt Joy was true when I return'd;
" If *Alha* knew ye without Guile rejoice,
" And his great Prophet heard your real Voice,
" Now more adore them, proſtrate praiſe their Pow'r,
" Admire their Bounties ſtill encreaſing Show'r;
" But now from Chains I freed this Captive's Hands,
" And here — *Cornaro*, my Deliv'rer, ſtands.

All proſtrate at that ſacred Name they fell,
How touch'd, great Gratitude alone can tell;
Great Gratitude that dictated their Joy,
Smil'd on each Cheek, and ſpoke from ev'ry Eye.

The *Turk* with Rapture ſaw the pleaſing ſcene,
The Home-felt Joy ran warm thro' ev'ry Vein.
Their Gratitude his inmoſt Soul approv'd,
That loudly told how much himſelf was lov'd.
" Come then, he ſaid, the ſumpt'ous Feaſt prepare,
" My Wives, to deck the Banquet be your Care,
" As if great *Ottoman* himſelf was here.
" For know th' Imperial Creſcent's ſacred Flame,
" Can ne'er more Homage than *Corſaro* claim.
" And ye, my Sons, whate'er my Wardrobe boaſt,
" What Crimſon, Gold, or Gems can have of coſt
" Bring forth; but oh! however rich the Dreſs,
" How faintly will it his Soul's worth expreſs!
" Come then, my Friend, but why that downcaſt Eye,
" That Cheek yet pale, and that ſtill heaving Sigh!

" Freedom thou haſt, and what elſe Wealth can give,
" Is my bleſt Taſk — Yours only to receive.

Cornaro bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and would have ſpoke,
But as he ſtrove, Grief ſtill his Accents broke.
The Uncle ſaw, yet ſilent, his Diſtreſs,
And what he could not, ventur'd to expreſs;
Told the whole Tale of Love — the Fair pourtray'd,
Pencil'd the ſemblance of the charming Maid,
E'er that perhaps ſome *Turk's* abandon'd Prey,
Torn from *Cornaro*'s Arms for e'er away;
Cornaro doom'd no farther joy to prove,
But Life's and Freedom's Slave bereft of Love.
The *Turk* with Anguiſh heard the fatal Tale,
Fearing his utmoſt Bounty here muſt fail;
Fearing he never could the Maid reſtore,
Already Slave to ſome lewd Tyrant's power;
Immers'd already in ſome cruel Grove,
Where brutal Luſt uſurps the Name of Love;
Some cloſe Seraglio's Gloom, from whoſe ſad Bourn
No Maid did e'er inviolate return.

But

But as this Thought perplex'd his working Brain,
And ev'ry Hope that roſe he ſtill found vain;
His Son all ſudden ſmil'd, and rear'd his Head,
(The eldeſt Bleſſing of his fruitful Bed)
Then bow'd again, and ſmote his Breaſt and ſaid,

" Thee firſt, Creator *Alba*, I adore,
" Untrac'd, myſterious, Wonder-working Pow'r,
" How could thy loweſt Servant's untry'd Noon
" Of uſeleſs Life deſerve ſo vaſt a Boon?

" Be hush'd, all Grief, and open'd ev'ry Ear,
" My Words with Rapture let *Cornaro* hear;
" Let too my Sire his genuine Offspring own,
" While I, nor vainly boaſt I am his Son.
" My Heart how moulded let my Actions prove,
" And riſe victorious Gratitude o'er Love,
" If my exulting Soul aright divine,
" To make *Cornaro* bleſt is only mine.

For

" For know theſe Walls contain the pictur'd Fair,
" Chaſte yet as Snow, and pure as Spring-tide Air.
Then, Go ye Slaves, he ſaid, and quick return,
With the fair *Chriſtian* whom I bought this Morn.
Return'd —— *Delphina* bleſs'd their eager Eyes,
And on each Breaſt ſhed wild extatic Joys,
Bright as the Sun, with ſtronger Light array'd,
When reſcu'd from the Moon's eclipſing Shade.

Then thus again the *Turk*, with gracious Air,
(As to her Lord he led the bluſhing Fair)
" My Friend, in this bleſt Moment be it mine,
" Taught by thyſelf, to ſhow a Soul like thine;
" Forgive a Vaunt, 'tis Virtue ſends it forth,
" A Soul that ſtrives with e'en *Cornaro*'s Worth.
" In thy gay Paradiſe, great Prophet, hear,
" By *Mecca*'s ever ſacred Shrine I ſwear;
" Were all the Treaſures now before my Sight,
" That fill'd *Damaſcus*' glitt'ring Plains with Light,

" When

" When in fierce Triumph furious *Cafed* rode,
" And drench'd the *Syrian* Soil with *Grecian* Blood,
" Wou'd ſome great Sultan ſay, That Maid reſign,
" And the whole Wealth of all the Eaſt is thine;
" From him unheſitating wou'd I turn,
" And look upon his trifling Bribe with Scorn.
" Beauty like this, which wond'ring we ſurvey,
" 'Tis Virtue only in Exchange can pay.
" 'Tis thee, great Goddeſs Virtue, I purſue,
" To thy bright ſelf I raiſe th' aſpiring View;
" Thus kneeling thy almighty Pow'r I own,
" And ſacrifice my Paſſions at thy Throne;
" To thy *Cornaro* lo! this Hand reſtores
" What moſt, Thyſelf except, his Soul adores.

So ſaying, with a Smile their Hands he join'd,
And his rich Prize without a Sigh reſign'd.

Virtue was pleas'd, and own'd in Heav'n above,
How Deeds like theſe e'en Gods with Pleaſure move;

Gentle

Gentle Compaſſion ſhed a Tear of Joy,
And Gratitude loud ſhouted thro' the Sky.

What Joy the Lovers raviſh'd Souls poſſeſt,
How all around their vaſt Delight expreſt,
What conſcious Pleaſure touch'd the Father's Breaſt,
Leſt in th' Attempt the falt'ring Muſe prove weak,
Let Children, Parents, Lovers, Virtue ſpeak.

A JOUR-

A JOURNEY TO *HOUGHTON*,

The Seat of the Right Hon. ROBERT WALPOLE, Earl of *Orford*, in the County of *Norfolk*.

A POEM.

SWeet Nymphs, that dwell on *Pindus'* verdant Side,
And o'er the Woods, without a Bluſh, preſide,
Celeſtial Muſes, deign your Bard a Lay,
As on the winding Banks of *Yare* I ſtray.
Yet if the Nymphs from *Pindus* ſcorn to bow,
Nor deign to liſten to a Voice ſo low;
Their Pride I will repay, and in Deſpite,
While ſuch my Theme, of all the Muſes write.

Recall

Recall we then, for ſtill 'twill pleaſe, to mind
The Morn we left dull *Norwich* Smoke behind;
When, as the lofty Spire juſt ſunk from View,
To a fair verdant water'd Vale we drew,
Where 'midſt fair Liberty's all-joyous Plains
Pop'ry ſtill ſeems to hug her galling Chains.
The Dragon in *Heſperian* Gardens old
Thus ſlumbring lay, and taſted not the Gold;
Thus, 'midſt th' eternal Spring *Judæa* keeps,
The lazy Poiſon of *Aſphaltus* ſleeps.

Bend then, my Muſe, thy flight to *Weſton*'s Plains,
(No Verſe can flow where Papal Slav'ry reigns)
Weſton! whoſe Groves not envy *Pindus*' Shade,
Nor bleſt with *Ridley*, want *Apollo*'s Aid.
Here Virtue reigns, and o'er the fruitful Land
Religion walks, with Freedom Hand in Hand;
His little Flock the Pious Prieſt informs,
And ev'ry Breaſt with Heav'n-born Doctrine warms,

Soft

Soft flows his Stream of Eloquence along,
And Truths Divine come mended from his Tongue.
Here the known Bounty of the Place we bleſt,
And to our Number join'd the Chearful Prieſt.
Thro' ancient [a] *Elmham* next our Way we take,
And gravely nodding wiſe Reflections make;
How ſtrongeſt Things deſtructive Time o'erturns,
And the waſte Town its raviſh'd Mitre mourns;
Mitre! repeats the Prieſt with ſimp'ring Leer,
'Twill fit at *Norwich* full as well as here.

But now, my Muſe, in Bluſhes hide thy Face,
Nor deign the next vile Town in Verſe a Place,
Unleſs thou'rt anſt indite in *Blackmore*'s Strain,
And ſay, we call'd full hungry at the Swan,
But found not Hay for Horſe, nor Meat for Man.
Dire Hunger! that with Meagre Viſage ſtalks,
And never fails to croſs the Poet's Walks,

[a] *Elmham*, now a ſmall Village, formerly the Biſhop's See, which is now at *Norwich*.

But

But three ſhort Miles ſoon brought us bounteous Aid,
And *Milebam*'s Fulneſs *Briſley*'s Want o'er paid,
See! the gay Unicorn the Wood adorn,
Fair ſign of Plenty with his Iv'ry Horn!
Here *Ceres* ſpread her Fruits with laviſh Hand,
And *Bacchus* laughing waited our Command.

Hence pleas'd and ſatisfied we take our Road,
And ſometimes laugh and talk, but oftner nod.
Yet this ſoft Indolence not long we kept,
But wak'd to ſee where others faſter ſlept;
[b] Where *Coke*'s remains beneath the Marble rot,
His Caſes and Diſtinctions all forgot;
His Body honour'd and to Fame conſign'd,
For Virtues flowing from th' immortal Mind.

[b] *Tittleſhall*, a Village, in the Church of which is the Burial Place, of the noble Family of *Coke*, and a very fine marble Monument of the Right Honourable Sir *Edward Coke* Lord Chief Juſtice of the *Kings Bench* in the Reign of King *James* I. and Anceſtor to the preſent Right Honourable *Thomas* Earl of *Leiceſter*.

What

What wou'd avail this ſumptuous Maſs of Stone,
Were he not from his Works for ever known?
Let the Survivors of ſuch great Men's Duſt,
Ne'er think to add to Virtue by a Buſt;
If falſe, Poſterity will find the Lie,
If true, without it, it will never die,
But thro' ſucceeding Ages ſhine the ſame,
Or from ſome *Leiceſter* catch a brighter Flame.

But farewell Death, and Tombs, and mould'ring Urns,
Our Eye with Joy on neighb'ring [c] *Raynham* turns;
Where Pleaſures undecaying ſeem to dwell,
Such as the Happy in *Elyſium* feel,
Where Heroes, Statesmen, and the virtuous Croud,
Receive the great Reward of being Good.
Such Pleaſures ev'n on Earth had Heav'n ordain'd,
For him, who once our tott'ring State ſuſtain'd;

[c] *Raynham*, the Seat of the Right Honourable *Charles* Viſcount *Townſhend*.

Who join'd the glorious Freedom-loving Crew,
Fixt to great *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar*'s Due,
And then, Dictator-like, to Fields withdrew.
Fair ran the Current of his Age, ſerene
As the pure Lake that bounds the various Scene.
Here whate'er Nature beauteous boaſts we find,
Charming when ſep'rate, but more charming join'd,
Pleaſures, tho' chang'd, we meet where'er we rove,
On Hill, in Dale, on Plain, in ſhady Grove;
Here ſwell the Hillocks crown'd with golden Grain,
There, at their Feet, fair flows the liquid Plain,
O'er thoſe the Larks extend their labour'd Note,
On this the Swans in ſnowy Grandeur float.

To *Houghton* then we take our pleaſing Way,
Thrice happy Bound'ry of a well-ſpent Day;
Here chearful Plenty met the wearied Gueſt,
And ſplendid Welcome doubly crown'd our Reſt.

Thou

Thou then, *Apollo*, aid the Poet's lay,
Thy Beams gave Luſtre to the following Day;
When in one Houſe more Beauties join'd we found,
Than e'er thou ſeeſt in all thy glorious Round;
Where *Walpole* plac'd with curious happy Coſt,
Whate'er Magnificence or Taſte can boaſt,
Where, in what Building nobleſt has, we find
Preſerv'd, what Painting livelieſt e'er deſigned.
See! Sculpture too her Beauties here diſcloſe,
Such as old *Phidias* taught and *Ryſbrack* knows.
[d] *Laocoon* here in Pain ſtill ſeems to breath,
While round his Limbs the pois'nous Serpents wreath,
Life ſtrugling ſeems thro ev'ry Limb to paſs,
And dying Torments animate the Braſs.

The Pencil's Pow'r the proud *Salon* diſplays,
And ſtruck with Wonder on the Paint we gaze.

[d] The Statue of *Laocoon* in *Bronze* by *Girardon*, from the *Antique*.

See! the proud [e] *Rabbins* at the ſumptuous Board,
Frown on the Wretch who kneels before her Lord,
And the rich Unguent, in Devotion meet,
Pours, mixt with Tears, on her Redeemer's Feet.
In vain with Hypocritic Rage they glow,
While Mercy ſmooths the Heav'nly Stranger's Brow,
He the true Penitent with Eaſe deſcries,
Sees the Heart ſpeaking in the melting Eyes,
Bids ev'ry Tear with full Effect to ſtream,
And from his Vengeance all her Sins redeem.

On the next [f] Cloth behold *Vandyke* diſplay,
Celeſtial Innocence, immortal Day,
His Pencil here no more with Nature vies,
Above her plaſtic Pow'r his Genius flies;

[e] The Picture of *Mary Magdalen* waſhing *Chriſt*'s Feet, by Sir *Peter Paul Rubens*, born at *Antwerp* 1577. and died 1640.

[f] The holy Family with a Dance of Angels, by Sir *Anthony Vandike* a Scholar of *Rubens*, born at *Antwerp*, 1599. and died 1641.

Soars

Soars on *Promethean* Wing aloft, and there
Steals Forms which Heav'n-born Cherubs only wear;
Pours Airs divine into the human Frame,
Darts thro' his Childrens Eyes Seraphic Flame,
While o'er the ſacred Forms ſuch Beauties reign,
As not belie the Saint-hood they contain.

Behold! where [g] *Stephen* fainting yields his Breath,
By great *Le Sueur* again condemn'd to Death;
With ſtrange Surprize we view the horrid Deed,
And then to Pity melted turn the Head,
Leſt, as Spectators of the Martyr's Fall,
We innocently ſhare the Crime of *Saul.*
Here too [h] *Albani*'s Pencil charms the Eye;
Morellio here unfolds the azure Sky,
[i] Sweet modeſt Charms the Virgin's Cheek adorn,
To Heav'n, on Wings of ſmiling Seraphs born.

[g] The ſtoning of St. *Stephen*, by *Euſtache Le Sueur*, born at *Paris* 1677. and died 1655.
[h] *John* baptizing *Chriſt*, by *Francis Albani*, who died 1660.
[i] An Aſſumption of the Virgin *Mary* by *Morellio*.

The next gay Room is known by [h] *Carlo's* Name,
Fair *Mauſoleum* of *Maratti*'s Fame!
Such Strokes, ſuch equal Charms each Picture boaſts
We venture not to ſay which pleaſes moſt.
Thus on the Galaxy with Joy we gaze,
Nor know which Star emits the brighteſt Rays.
Yet if beyond himſelf he ever flew,
If e'er beyond a Mortal's touch he drew,
Amidſt the Glow that from that Purple breaks,
Look on yon [i] *Pope*, nor wonder if he ſpeaks.
With length of Days and Fame *Maratti* bleſt,
Ne'er wept departed Genius from his Breaſt;
But when juſt drooping, ſinking to the Ground,
[k] Spread ſportive Loves, and laughing Cherubs round;
E'en Death approaching, ſmil'd, and made a ſtand,
And gently ſtole the Pencil from his Hand.

[h] The Green-Velvet Drawing is called the *Carlo-Marat* Room, from being fill'd with Pictures of that Maſter and his Scholars.

Carlo Maratti was born at *Rome*, 1625, was a Scholar of *Andrea Sacchi* and died 1713.

[i] A Portrait of *Clement* IX.

[k] He painted the Judgment of *Paris* in this Room, when he was 83.

Thus

Thus falls the Sun, and, as he fades away,
Gilds all th' Horizon with a parting Ray.

Next on the gorgeous Cabinet we gaze,
Which the full Elegance of Paint diſplays,
In ſtrong Expreſſions of each Maſters Mind,
The various Beauties of this Art we find;
Here vaſt Invention, there the juſt Deſign,
Here the bold Stroke, and there the perfect Line,
With Eaſe unequal'd here the Drawing flows,
And there inimitable Colour glows.
With Summer here the Cloth [1] *Baſſano* warms,
There locks the World in Winter's hoary Arms,
On the warm View we look with pleas'd amaze,
Then turn to Froſt, and ſhudder as we gaze.

Mirth unreſtrain'd in Ruſticks humble Cells
On chearful *Teniers'* laughing Canvas dwells,

[1] The *Baſſans*, Father and Sons, were very eminent Landſkape Painters, about the Middle and towards the End of the ſixteenth Century.

Nor ever are his warm Expreſſions faint,
But laughing we enjoy the Comic Paint;
'Till Scenes more horrid break upon our Eye,
Effects of *Borgognone*'s too cruel Joy.
Strong was his Fancy, and his Genius good,
But bred in Camps, he mix'd his Tints in Blood;
Alternate bore the Pencil and the Sword,
And the ſame Hands that fought, the Fight record.

But lo! and let the pious Tear be ſhed,
On the ſad [1] Cloth the World's Great Maſter dead.
The Mother ſee! in Grief amazing drown'd,
And Sorrow more than mortal ſpread around.
What ſtriking Attitudes! what ſtrong Relief!
We ſee, we wonder at, we feel the Grief.
Who cou'd ſuch Pow'r of ſpeaking Paint employ?
Own, *Parma*, own thy darling Son with Joy;
Still to his Memory freſh Trophies rear,
Whoſe Life, inſatiate [m] War itſelf cou'd ſpare.

[1] *Chriſt* laid in the Sepulchre, by *Parmegiano*.
[m] *Francis Mazzuoli*, commonly called *Parmegiano*, was born

No

No Arms he needed 'midſt the fatal Strife,
But to his potent Pencil ow'd his Life,
The wond'ring Soldier dropp'd the lifted Sword,
Nor ſtain'd thoſe Hands he only not ador'd.

[n] Now, as *Æneas* in the *Stygian* Glades
Wond'ring beheld departed Heroes Shades,
Amidſt the Forms of Worthies dead we range,
By eternizing Paint preſerv'd from Change.
Here Law and Learning dwell in *Wandesford*'s Face,
While valiant *Whartons* ſhine with martial Grace;
And the ſoft Females of the Race declare
That theſe no braver were, than thoſe were fair;
In garter'd Glory dreſt here *Danby* ſtands
And *Laud* with Air imperious ſtill commands.

1504. and died 1540. There is a Story of this Maſter at the taking of *Parma*, like that of *Archimedes*, and alſo like that of *Protogenes*, at the taking of *Rhodes*, while he was painting his famous *Ialyſus*.

[n] In the Yellow Drawing are Portraits by *Vandyke*, of Lord Chief Baron *Wandesford*, Lord and Lady *Wharton*, their Daughters, Archbiſhop *Laud*, King *Charles* the Firſt and his Queen. The Portrait of the Earl of *Danby*, now hangs in the Great Parlour.

The

The next great [n] Form with melancholy Eye,
And inauſpicious Valour ſeems to ſigh.
Peace to his Soul! howe'er 'gainſt Right he fought,
Be in his dreadful Doom his Sin forgot;
Too much miſled to leave his Honour clear,
Too wretched not to claim a gen'rous Tear!
A Wretch, to Virtue's ſtill a ſacred thing!
How much more ſacred then, a murder'd King!
But be our Wrath, as it deſerves, apply'd
To his Two Guides, ſtill cloſeſt to his Side,
Laud and the Queen, whoſe fatal Conduct ſhew,
What bigot Zeal, and headſtrong Pride cou'd do.

But ſee where [o] *Kneller* now our Eye commands
To pictur'd Kings, familiar to his Hands,
Kings to ſupport a free-born People made,
Kings that but rul'd to bleſs the Lands they ſway'd.

[n] *Charles* the Firſt. [o] Sir *Godfrey Kneller.*

Sov'reigns,

Sov'reigns, whoſe inoppreſſive Pow'r has ſhown
Freedom and Monarchy, well-join'd, are One.

See mighty [p] *William*'s fierce determin'd Eye,
Freedom to ſave, or in her Cauſe to die;
As when on *Boyne*'s important Banks he ſtood,
And, as his Deeds ſurpriz'd the ſwelling Flood,
All torn and mangled falſe Religion fled,
And cruſh'd Oppreſſion ſnarl'd beneath his Tread.

Next, in the ſteddy Lines of [q] *Brunſwick*'s Face,
Majeſtick manly Honeſty we trace;
Pleas'd, as on *Sarum*'s Plain with glad accord,
When willing Thouſands hail'd their new-come Lord,
And (far beyond a Tyrant's baleful Glee)
The King rejoic'd to find his People free.
Good Prince, whoſe Age forſook thy native Land
To bleſs our *Albion* with thy mild Command,

[p] King *William* the Third on Horſeback.
[q] *George* the Firſt on Horſeback.

Long

Long may this ſacred Form of Thee remain,
Here plac'd by him whoſe Counſels bleſs'd thy Reign,
And ever may his Sons with Joy relate,
That He as Faithful was as Thou wert Great.

But now, my Muſe, to ſob'rer Pomp deſcend,
And to the cool Arcade my Steps attend.
Here, when the Summer Sun ſpreads round his Ray,
Beneath the bending Arch young Zephyrs play,
And, when it farther from our Orb retires,
Old *Vulcan* ſmiling lights his chearful Fires.
Hither the jolly Hunter's Crew reſort,
Talk o'er the Day, and re-enjoy their Sport.
Here too, with Brow unbent, and cheerful Air,
The mighty Stateſman oft forgot his Care;
Knew Friendſhip's Joys, and ſtill attentive hung,
On *Pelham*, *Edgcumbe*, *Devonſhire*, or *Young*,
In Senates form'd or private Life to pleaſe,
There ſhar'd his Toil, and here partook his Eaſe.

Here be thy ſtay, my Muſe, tho' pleas'd, not long,
Thy Siſter Painting claims again my Song,
Where thron'd in State the Goddeſs we deſcry
As the gay *Gall'ry* opens on our Eye.
Here in her utmoſt Pomp well-pleas'd ſhe reigns,
Nor weeps her abſent *Rome* or *Lombard* plains;
Here the great Maſters Genius ſtill ſurvives
Breaths in the Paint, and on the Canvas lives.
[1] What e'er in Nature's forming Pow'r is plac'd,
Fair to the Eye and luſcious to the Taſte,
Is by our cheated Senſe with Joy perceiv'd,
Nor but by touching are we undeceiv'd.
Pauſing and loath to be convinc'd we ſtand,
Leſt the fair Fruit ſhould ſuffer from our Hand,
Leſt the preſs'd Plum our ruder touch ſhould own,
Or ſwelling Peach bewail its injur'd down;

[1] The four Markets by *Rubens* and *Snyder*.

Leſs

Leſs dare we to the Fiſh or Fowl draw near,
Tho' tempting, ſtrongly guarded they appear,
Frighted we ſcarce can brook the horrid Looks
Of Dogs, and ſnarling Cats, and ſwearing Cooks.
What Strokes, what Colours *Sneyders* could command!
How great the Power of *Rubens'* daring Hand!
Immortal *Rubens*! whoſe capacious Mind,
Of the vaſt Art to no one Part confin'd,
Pierc'd like the Sun's quick Beam, all Nature thro';
And whatſoe'er the Goddeſs form'd he drew.
See! [s] *Mola* next the *Roman* Deeds diſplays,
That bid our Hearts be Patriot as we gaze.
Here [t] *Julio*'s wond'rous Buildings ſtill appear,
And ſwelling Domes ſtill ſeem to riſe in Air.

Great Shade of [u] *Pouſſin*! from the Muſe receive;
All the renown a Verſe, like hers, can give.

[s] The Stories of *Curtius* and *Cocles*, by *Mola*, born 1609. died 1665.

[t] A Piece of Architecture, by *Julio Romano*, born 1492, and died 1546.

[u] Here are the Stories of *Scipio*'s Continence, and of *Moſes* ſtriking the Rock, by *Nicolò Pouſſin*, born 1594, and died 1665.

Genius

Genius ſublime! to reach thy ſoaring Praiſe,
A Muſe like *Maro*'s ſhould renew her Lays;
Rival of *Raphael!* ſuch thy wond'rous Line,
'Tis next to his; and only not divine.

Ye Maids, employ'd in ſpotleſs *Veſta*'s ſight,
Lend me a Beam of your Eternal Light;
Full on yon' Picture throw the ſacred Ray,
And high Imperial Chaſtity diſplay.
See! the great *Roman* on his martial Throne,
Outdo what e'er in War his Arms had done,
See him riſe far beyond a Soldier's Fame,
And *Afric's* Victor but a ſecond Name.
Valiant and Great he trod the Field of Blood,
But here is Virtuous, Bountiful, and Good;
Reſiſts the utmoſt Pow'r of Female Charms,
Feels all their Force, yet gives 'em from his Arms,
And Lord of all the Paſſions of his Breaſt,
Defeats e'en Love, and makes his Rival bleſt.

Wonderful

Wonderful Strokes, that thro' the Eye impart,
Such various Motions to the human Heart!
Thro' it a Thouſand floating Paſſions move,
We pity, wonder, weep, rejoice and love.

The moral Tale thus exquiſitely told,
His Colours now diviner Truths unfold;
At *Horeb*'s Rock in ſacred Awe we ſtand,
And pencil'd Miracles our Faith command.
The mighty Law-giver his Rod diſplays,
And the tough Flint his potent Touch obeys;
Quick into Streams diſſolves the ſolid Stone,
And floats the Waſte with Waters not its own.
See there the ſhrivel'd Cheek, or languid Eye,
Swell into Health, or lighten into Joy;
As eager, crouding in the Draught they join,
Reviving Thouſands bleſs the Stroke Divine.
But thou, fair Damſel, with diſtinguiſh'd Worth,
Emblem of filial Piety, ſtand forth.

Forgot

Forgot her own conſuming inward Fire,
She lifts untouch'd the Veſſel to her Sire;
With the cool Draught his heaving Breaſt relieves,
And, as ſhe ſooths his Pain, her own deceives.

With [x] Scenes too ſad *Salvator* ſtrives to pleaſe,
Since what creates our Wonder ſpoils our Eaſe;
We give the wretched Prodigal a Tear,
And wiſh his kind forgiving Father near.

As on *Avernus'* Banks the Heroe ſtood,
Scar'd at the dreary Darkneſs of the Wood,
'Till thro' the Leaves fair ſhot th' auſpicious Light,
And with the branching Gold reliev'd his Sight;
So reſcu'd from the horrid Scene we ſtand,
By the ſweet Effluence of *Guido*'s Hand.

[x] A very capital Picture of the Prodigal Son on his Knees at Prayers amidſt the Herd of Swine, by *Salvator Roſa*, born 1614, and died 1673.

Soft to the Sight his ev'ry Colour flows,
As to the Scent the Fragrance of the Roſe.
Pure Beams of Light around the [y] Virgin play,
Clad in the Brightneſs of celeſtial Day;
Be as they may the Broils of fierce Divines,
Pure and unſpotted here at leaſt ſhe ſhines.

Thee too, [z] *Lorraine*, the well pleas'd Muſe ſhou'd name,
Nor e'er forget [a] *Domenichini's* Fame,
But ſudden Sorrow ſtops the flowing Line,
And not one Smile is found among the Nine.
[b] Behold where all the Charms that Heav'n could give,
Blended in one ſweet Form ſtill ſeem to live;

[y] The famous Picture by *Guido*, of the Doctors of the Church, diſputing on the Immaculate Conception. *Guido Reni*, born 1575 and died 1642.

[z] *Claud. Gille* of *Lorrain*, born 1600, and died 1682.

[a] *Domenico Zampieri*, commonly called *Domenichini*, born 1561, and died 1641.

[b] The Portrait of *Catherine Shorter*, firſt Wife to Sir *Robert Walpole*. She died *Aug.* 20, 1737.

Then ſink to Tears, nor ſtop the burſting Groan,
When thou art told that all thoſe Charms are gone.
Relentleſs Death ſtill forcing to the Grave
The Good, the Fair, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
Here the whole Malice of his Pow'r put on,
And aim'd a Dart that ſlew them all in one.
How Fair, how Good, how Virtuous was the Dame,
A thouſand Hearts in Anguiſh ſtill proclaim,
How brave her Soul, againſt all Fear how try'd,
Sad fatal Proof ſhe gave us when ſhe dy'd.

Thou then, my Friend, no farther Verſe demand,
Full ſwells my Breaſt, and trembling ſhakes my Hand,
And theſe ſad Lines conclude my mournful Lay,
Since we too once muſt fall to Death a Prey,
May we like *Walpole* meet the fatal Day.

PROTHALAMIUM

SUN, with Light peculiar ſhining,
Uſher in the ſmiling Morn,
Round thy Head thy Glories twining
Bid th' auſpicious Day be born;
Bid the Hours with nimbleſt Paces
Free and frolick to advance,
And bid *Venus* lend her Graces
Tripping at thy Wheels to dance.

Think how ſwift, when once a Lover,
Skimming o'er the Plains you flew,
When the charming cruel Rover
Bad a God in vain purſue.
Think how deeply you were wounded,
When you ſtretch'd your eager Arms,
And a lifeleſs Trunk ſurrounded
For your *Daphne's* ſprightly Charms,

By

By the Pains with which you languiſh'd,
By the Joys you then deſir'd,
By the Youth's impatient Anguiſh
Keen with Expectation fir'd;
Swiftly ſpeed the Heav'ns over,
But that happy Minute reſt,
When you ſee a luckier Lover
By a fairer *Daphne* bleſt.

Horat. Lib. IV. Ode XII.

Ad VIRGILIUM.

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii ſtrepunt
Hibernâ niva turgidi.
Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis, & Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quod malè barbaras
Regum eſt ulta libidines.
Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Cuſtodes ovium carmina fiſtulâ;
Delectantque Deum, cui pecus & nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent,
Adduxere ſitim tempora, Virgili:
Sed preſſum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si geſtis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.

Nardi

To *C. P.* Esq.

From *Horace*, Book iv. Ode 12.

OBSERVE how calmly warm my Friend,
O'er the smooth Plains the Zephyrs Blow,
While Trees in gentlest Motion bend,
And Streams scarce murmur as they flow.
Sweet *Philomela* sends her Song
Of pleasing Sadness thro' the Groves,
Wailing a wretched Virgin's Wrong
And a base King's incestuous Loves.
The Shepherds to the Shades repair
And on the Grass their Verse indite,
And the great Patron of their Care,
Arcadia's list'ning God delight.
Thirst with the Season, *Charles*, comes on,
Woud'st thou not then in Thirst repine,
Bring the sleak Soal, or Turbot down
And well thou shalt be paid with Wine.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.
Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ
Velox merce veni. Non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plenâ dives ut in domo.
Verum pone moras, & studium lucri:
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est desipere in loco.

See! as the ſounding Cork comes forth
Pale Care and Sadneſs ſtartled fly,
And each Reflection, Foe to Mirth,
Drown'd in the ſwelling Brimmer lie.
If then you'll throw your *Coke* aſide,
To ſuch enliv'ning Joys enclin'd,
Quick mount your Steed, and briſkly ride,
But bid *Tom* bring the Fiſh behind.
For think not *Gratis* to come off
Or tipple Scot-free at my Board,
As when o'er ſumptuous Meals you laugh,
With yon fair *Villa*'s bounteous Lord.
Come then, nor rack thy Brains to know,
How many Fees would *Wimple* buy;
Come and conſidering as you go,
That *Hardwick*'s ſelf at laſt muſt die,
Severity for Folly leave,
Beſt Succeſſor to puzzling Laws;
In Publick howſoever grave,
Be mad in Private with Applauſe.

* *Wimple* in *Cambridgeſhire*, the Seat of the Right Hon. *Philip* Lord *Hardwick* Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

THE

THE DISSAPPOINTMENT.

THE Cattle ſleek, the gilt Machine
Along the verdant Road,
Moving in ſprightly Pomp were ſeen
To take two Belles abroad.
The one good natur'd *Hymen*'s Care,
Late ſtole from *Dian's* grove,
T'other, tho' as her Siſter fair,
Yet knew not wedded Love.
Serene and gay they roll'd along
Like Goddeſſes at eaſe;
The ſoftly flowing Streams among,
And gently-waving Trees.
This, from whoe'er ſhould meet her Eyes,
Her future Empire plann'd;
That ſmil'd, content to boaſt the Prize
She had already gain'd.

But oh! how ſoon the faireſt Scheme
Or pleaſing'ſt Hope is croſt!
Behold them at the Park's extreme
Stopp'd ſhort.—The Key was loſt.
With Rage, 'till then unknown, inflam'd,
And vex'd the Matron-Fair
Her ever careleſs Footmen blam'd,
Her Keeper's Over-care.
While the ſad Maid in ſilent Guiſe,
With gently-ſobbing Breaſt,
And big full overflowing Eyes
Her ſob'rer Grief expreſt.
Thus when the Sky fierce Lightnings rend,
And Thunders ſhake the Plain,
The ſorrowful ſoft Clouds deſcend
In copious Showr's of Rain.
Thus when *Caſſandra* rag'd around
And curſt the Foes of *Troy*,
In Beauteous Sorrow on the Ground
Sate *Helen* weeping by.

At length cool Reaſon Paſſion ſway'd
And the reflecting Dame
Smiling, addreſs'd the weeping Maid,
Dear Girl, we're both to blame.
Why ſhould we fret, tho' thus confin'd?
The Proſpects round we ſee,
Sure more ſhould pleaſe a thinking Mind,
Than Scandal-raiſing Tea.
Here then, beneath theſe verdant Walls,
At leiſure let us roam,
'Till the returning Ev'ning calls
To Eaſe and Joy at Home;
Of your Philoſophy, my Dear,
Quoth ſhe, I give you Joy;
And were content — if like you there
My Time I could employ.

O D E.

On the Anniverſary of the NUPTIALS Of *I. D.* Eſq.

John Dodd of Swallowfeild in Berkshire.

BRIGHT *Phœbus*, and thou Goddeſs Maid,
Who mak'ſt the ſpringing Woods thy Care,
Whoſe Ears our yearly Vows invade,
Oh! bend, and liſten to our Pray'r.
Great God, whoſe Steps bright Day attends,
With Thee it comes, with Thee retires;
May none be happier than my Friend,
Who bleſs thy Light, or feel thy Fires,
Thou too, *Lucina*, hear our Strains,
Tho' Virgin thou thy ſelf and pure,
Oh teach the teeming Wife her Pains
With happy Patience to endure.
For thro' the rolling Nights and Days,
Since *Hymen* call'd this Pair his own,
Nor thy ſoft Beams, nor *Pæan's* Rays,
A purer nuptial Torch have known.

Ye

Ye certain Fates, on whoſe fix'd Will
Unalt'rable Decrees depend,
Oh! guard this choſen Pair from Ill,
Like their Beginning be their End.
For them may ever chearful Health
In ev'ry breathing Gale be born,
And flowing yet well-order'd Wealth
Their Fields, their Streams, their Board adorn.
To their whole Youth give ſprightly Joy,
And to their long-extended Day,
Thoſe tranquil Meaſures that ne'er cloy,
Nor ſink 'till Life's Lamp fades away.

VER-

VERSES

Wrote in the *Oak-Walk* at *Billingbear* in *Berkſhire*.

Sacra Jovi Quercus, Veneri gratiſſima ——

THOU ever verdant, venerable Shade,
Ye ſacred *Oaks*, by Time thus charming made,
More bleſt than thoſe, the Fav'rites once of *Jove*,
Eternal Offspring of *Dodona*'s Grove.
Here flouriſh ſafe, nor Envy, nor complain,
Tho' your tall Brotherhood in *George*'s Reign
Aſſert the Empire of the frighted Main.
The Sea and all its Wealth to them reſign,
For know a Treaſure far more dear is thine;
Bend then your Branches round the Sea-born Fair,
And bending own that *Venus* is your Care.

* Theſe Verſes are here printed in Memory of that moſt accompliſh'd young Lady, the Honourable Miſs *Eſſex Griffin*, who was only Daughter to the late Right Honourable the Lord *Griffin*, and Niece to the preſent Right Honourable the Counteſs of *Portſmouth*.

A Thought on Gaming.

To gild o'er Av'rice with a ſpecious Name,
To ſuffer Torment while for Sport you Game,
Time to reverſe, and Order to defie,
To make your Temper ſubject to a Die,
To curſe your Fate for each unlucky Throw,
Your Reaſon, Senſe, and Prudence to forego;
To call each Pow'r infernal to your Part,
To ſit with anxious Eyes, and aching Heart,
Your Fortune, Time, and Health to throw away,
Is what our modern Men of Taſte call Play.

To *I. D.* Eſq.

Swallowfield Place, March 25, 1740.

DEAR abſent Maſter of this ſweet Domain,
Attend a while, 'tis Friendſhip breaths the Strain;
This bids the Heart midſt Eaſe and Plenty moan,
And makes Joy taſteleſs when confin'd to one.
The Morn, 'tis true, can no where fairer riſe,
No *Zephyrs* ſofter fan the Evn'ing Skies,
Spring has no ſweeter Taſk than to improve
Yon flow'ry Level, and that ſprouting Grove;
The warbling Birds ſend Peace to ev'ry Ear,
And the Streams murmur reſt to ev'ry Care.

Yet this my Lot, thus ev'ry Senſe employ'd,
Sighing I find each Pleaſure unenjoy'd;
True Joy from Friends made bleſt alone can riſe,
For Bliſs, if uncommunicated, dies.

Thee then the happieſt far of Men I deem,
Whoſe copious Bounty's ever-flowing Stream
Gives Joy to ev'ry Heart, that's to thee known,
And makes the Gladneſs of a Croud thy own.

Come then, my Friend, and grant me to receive
Joys which Society alone can give.

How I exult when as thy Tread I hear?
Attendant, *Valgius*' Voice ſalutes my Ear!
See him his honeſt, ample Face diſplay,
Broad as the Moon, and chearful as the Day.
Mirth and her Train, his Slaves he brings along,
Gay Gambols, Revelry, and wanton Song,
Nor needs the Aid of the inſpiring Bowl
To warm his Fancy, or diſcloſe his Soul,
Which always op'ning in his Face we ſcan
Claiming a Friend where'er he meets a Man.

Nor leſs ſincere, tho' calmer Joys ariſe
With Aſpect mild when *Gallus* greets my Eyes,
And challenges from this thy new Abode
The Hoſpitality he once beſtow'd;
When *Leominſter* Sheep, long from the Butcher kept,
Their Maſter's Bounty, and our Hunger wept;
And as on *Pinſley*'s Sunny Banks we lay,
The Cyder Tons ran unperceiv'd away.
Here, as in *Greek* and *Roman* Times, we find
The pious Prieſt and tuneful Poet join'd;
His Verſes what good Men ſhould be declare,
And his whole Life informs us what they are,
Prudently gay, and chearfully ſevere.

Who can but feel the Joy that Friendſhip gives,
When *Paulus*' honeſt Hand his Hand receives?
Bleſt Man! to whom he deigns that Pledge impart,
Unfailing Servant to a valiant Heart!

Whoſe Warmth whenever Juſtice bids is ſhown,
In a Friend's Cauſe, ſtill warmer than his own.
But oh! forgive the Muſe, if droops her Wing,
If e'en to thee ſhe can but faintly ſing,
While the dear Pleaſures Friendſhip e'er has ſhown,
Are now but from a paſt Enjoyment known.
Th'imperfect Joy remembrance gives my Breaſt,
Is that in thee and —— I once was bleſt,
Bleſt in thy gen'rous Friendſhip what I feel,
Thy Soul, from whence it ſprings, forbids me tell.
And thy Experience knows what Fate denies,
While —— for Health to diſtant *Scarbrough* flies;
For often has he fix'd thy liſt'ning Ear,
With ſprightly Wit, or Argument ſevere,
In his Wit Dignity, his Learning Eaſe,
T'inſtruct his Buſineſs, his Delight to pleaſe.
Come then, nor farther a Friend's Woes prolong,
Whoſe Grief ſincere you find from this ſad Song.

A SONG.

THE Youth on whom *Cloe* deigns ſmile,
And caſt the warm Beams of her Eyes,
Shall never leave *Britain*'s fair Iſle,
Nor aim at the Warrior's Prize.
Oſtend ſhall not ſee the fond Boy,
Amidſt the brave Troops as they land,
Her Sons loudly ſhouting for Joy,
As *Britons* advance on the *Strand*.
But *Vaga*'s ſoft murmuring Stream,
And each verdant Hill and Grove,
Shall give the fond Youth all his Fame,
As he warbles out Muſick and Love.
And lo! the Beaux fluttering Throng
Bedaub'd all with Powder and Lace,
While *Cloe* attends to my Song,
Withdraw and with Bluſhes give Place.

Apollo, as in the fam'd Ring,
And the Muſes are all in her Eyes,
Mute Fiſh, ſhould ſhe bid 'em, would ſing
As ſweet as the Swan when ſhe dies.
How I ventur'd to ſing, and cou'd pleaſe
By ſinging, if e'er 'tis enquir'd,
The Queſtion is anſwer'd with Eaſe,
She bad me and I was inſpir'd,

AN O-

ANOTHER.

SWEET Solitude, that e'en Deſpair canſt charm.,
And of their Force their ſharpeſt Ills diſarm,
Oh! eaſe a while the Anguiſh I endure.
Ye Zephyrs ſtill more gently whiſp'ring blow,
Ye Streams, with ſtill a ſofter murm'ring flow,
And try at leaſt to ſooth what nought can cure.

Ye Nightingales, whoſe melancholy Song,
Rolls on with pleaſing Sadneſs all Night long,
Lend me your Notes to tell what I endure.
Ye Zephyrs ſtill more gently whis'pring blow,
Ye Streams with ſtill a ſofter murm'ring flow,
And try at leaſt to ſooth what nought can cure.

And thou, cold Maid, if the dull Winds that bear,
My dying Sighs, convey them to thine Ear,
Speaking the killing Torments I endure;
Oh ſay, tho' Hopes of Love from thee are vain,
Say thou canſt Pity an expiring Swain,
And ſooth at leſt the Wounds you will not cure.

To a Lady

On the Birth Day of her Huſband, 1740.

AWAKE, fair Bride to this returning Morn,
And hail the Day on which thy Lord was born;
But double let his Salutations be,
Since to his birth he owes the Bliſs of loving thee.
Long may this be the Subject of the Nine,
Nor other Day with equal Glory ſhine,
That one except which gave his Hand to thine.
Ever with White may theſe diſtinct appear,
The faireſt Children of the rolling Year.
Shine, *Venus*, ſhine on theſe profuſely Gay,
Ever on theſe, *Lucina*, ſhed thy Ray;
Sorrow and Pain be ever from the Fair,
And Love, bleſt Bridegroom, Love be all thy Care.
Joys which they fancy'd ne'er could be excell'd,
Still ſtill with Streams of purer Joys be ſwell'd.
As the fair rolling Moons their Influence ſhed

To bleſs the Labours of the Nuptial Bed,
Lend them, ye Pow'rs above, a gracious Ear,
And hear and grant a Friend's and Poet's Pray'r.
As the immenſe Benevolence of Heav'n,
Can give my Friend what yet it has not giv'n,
As the exceſs of Joy that fills his Breaſt,
Can by ſome choſen Gift be ſtill encreaſt,
As all that Beauty, Youth and Wealth can give,
Will double Luſtre from an Heir receive,
Deny not, Heav'n, this deareſt, laſt, beſt Boon;
Bleſt with the Parent's Virtues ſend a Son.

ODE

On the Birth-day of two Friends.
In Imitation of an Epigram of *Martial*.

BRIGHT morning Star, revifit Earth,
Nor give our Joy delay,
Sacred to Virtuous Friendſhip's Birth,
Bright Star, bring on the Day.
Each Nymph, each Swain the Day requires,
Come on, nor let us deem
Thou borrow'ſt, to bring on thy Fires,
Bootes' lazy Team.
When well thou know'ſt thou may'ſt command
The ſwift *Ledæan* Horſe,
Pollux to thee would pleas'd deſcend,
And *Caſtor* urge thy Courſe:

And wiſhing void the Boon of *Jove*,
Own theſe more Wiſdom ſhow,
Who live, nor envy Joys above,
Unparted Friends below.

Come then, nor ſtop the eager Sun,
His fretting Courſers neigh,
And bright *Aurora*'s bluſh is on
To uſher in the Day.

Nor *Cynthia*, nor Night's Stars will fade,
But long e'er they retire
The happieſt Pair e'er Friendſhip made
To ſhine on and admire.

Let them then ſtand — with all his Light
Be *Phœbus* far away,
In *Cynthia*'s and in Nature's ſpight
Our Joy ſhall make the Day.

To a Friend.

In Imitation of an Epigram of *Martial.*

THE Things that beſt teach Life to pleaſe
My deareſt, happieſt Youth, are theſe.
A Fortune, ſome kind Kinſman's Boon,
Unearned by Labour of your own;
A pleaſant fruitful *Berkſhire* Soil,
O'erpaying ſtill the Tiller's Toil,
And from all Law-ſuits ever free,
Tho' even *Pratt* your Counſell be.
In State Affairs too ſmall a ſhare
Domeſtick Pleaſures to impair.
A Body ſound, a perfect Mind,
And Health to chearful Spirits join'd.
An open, yet diſcerning Brow,
A Board for welcome deck'd, not ſhow;
And ſprightly Mirth attendant there.
But free from Drunkenneſs as Care;

And ever fill'd with equal Friends,
Whom Worth like *Walpole*'s recommends.
A Wife, from all Reſerv'dneſs free,
Yet chaſte as ſoft-ey'd Modeſty;
In her pleaſ'd Arms a ſimp'ring Boy
The Pledge and Crown of all your Joy.
Then, to be bleſt above Man's Share,
Deſire to be juſt what you are;
But raiſe to Heav'n your grateful Eye,
And neither wiſh, nor fear to die.

Horat. Lib. IV. Ode III.

Ad MELPOMENEN.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaïco
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regnum tumidas contuderit minas,
Oſtendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur ſoboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.

In Imitation of *Horace*,

Book iv. Ode iii.

HE on whoſe birth *Apollo* ſtrongly ſhone,
Whom then the Muſe ſaluted as her own,
Shall ne'er on *Iſthmian* Sands purſue renown,
But ſcorn the *Piny* Wreath and *Laurel* Crown;
Nor after Toils of many a well fought Day,
To the proud Capitol direct his Way.
But on the Banks of murm'ring *Tiber* laid,
Trees in ſoft Whiſpers waving round his Head,
To the ſweet Lyre his Song he ſhall rehearſe,
And all his Glory be deriv'd from Verſe,
Imperial *Rome*, whoſe Nod the World obeys,
Who gives to warlike Heroes martial Praiſe,
Has plac'd me in the Poet's charming Choir,
And Envy, tho' unwilling, muſt retire.
Sweet Nymph, that doſt in fair *Pieria* dwell,
And call forth Muſick from the vocal Shell,

Thou

O, teſtudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ ſtrepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cycni, ſi libeat, ſonum!
Totum muneris hoc tui eſt
Quod monſtror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quod ſpiro, & placeo, ſi placeo tuum eſt.

Thou

Thou who coud'ſt give to ſilent Fiſh a Breath
Sweeter than Swans e'er warbled at their Death;
To thee 'tis due, that as I paſs along
Each Eye ſelects me from the vulgar Throng,
As Father of the *Roman Lyric* Song.
And that I charm each Ear with Notes divine,
And that I pleaſe, if I can pleaſe, is thine.

Horat. Lib. I. Epiſt. IV.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULUM.

ALBI, noſtrorum Sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Padana?
Scribere quod Caſſi Parmenſis opuſcula vincat;
An tacitum ſilvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quidquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt?
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore.

O

Di

In Imitation of *Horace.*

Lib. I. Epiſt. IV.

O —— to whoſe keen yet candid Senſe,
My Verſe I truſt, and know its Value thence;
While rattling Coaches juſt beneath me roll,
Ruffle my Thoughts, and diſcompoſe my Soul;
How ſhall I gueſs my Friend his Time employs,
In *London* fix'd, yet reſcu'd from its Noiſe?
Flows from thy Pen the ſweet ſpontaneous Line,
While *Cælia's* Look ſupplies the abſent Nine?
Or do you thro' Ideal *China* rove,
And mixt with *Brachmans* in the hallow'd Grove?
Or are you poſting o'er ſome *Roman* Road,
By captive Kings and conqu'ring Conſuls trod,
By which the Worlds remoteſt Ends were join'd,
And *Rome*'s dread Orders iſſu'd to Mankind?
Or doſt thou ſit in ſerious muſing Mood
Weighing within thy Mind what's Right and Good,

Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi,
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, & fari ut possit quæ sentiat; utque
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?
Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata *superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.*
Me pinguem & nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

Teaching thyſelf, without the Aid of Schools,
True Virtue's, Honeſty's, and Friendſhip's Rules?
For thou, my Friend, art not mere breathing Clay,
But all thy Thoughts the ſtrongeſt Senſe diſplay.
To thee the Gods ſufficient Wealth have giv'n,
And taught its uſe, the greateſt Gift of Heav'n.
What for his Child would more a Parent have?
What for his Pupil more could Tutor crave,
Than that with Health and Fame Heav'n wou'd him bleſs,
Make him think right, and well his Thoughts expreſs?

Mid'ſt Hope and Care, and jealous Fear and Rage,
Expect each coming Day to cloſe thy Age;
Then if propitious Fate ſhall add one more,
Happier you'll paſs the ſweet unthought for Hour.

Tibul. Lib. IV. Elegy II.

Laus Sulpiciæ ad Martem.

SULPICIA eſt tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, Calendis:
Spectatum e cælo, ſi ſapis, ipſe veni.
Hoc Venus ignoſcet, at tu, Violente, caveto,
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
Illius ex oculis, cum vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor.
Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò veſtigia flectit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.
Seu ſolvit crines, fuſis decet eſſe capillis:
Seu compſit, comptis eſt veneranda comis.
Urit, ſeu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ:
Urit, ſeu niveâ candida veſte venit:
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

Tranſlation of *Tibullus*.

Book IV. Elegy II.

GREAT *Mars*, ſee *Delia* bowing at thy Shrine;
To gaze on her, leave, leave thy Seats divine;
Not *Venus* ſelf can blame thee, yet beware,
Leſt, as you gaze, you drop the threat'ning Spear,
And the ſoft Maid ſubdue the God of War.
In her bright Eye Love lights his double Fire,
When he would fill Immortals with Deſire.
Whate'er ſhe does, where'er her Feet ſhe turns,
Grace lurks beneath her Steps and ev'ry Act adorns.
How graceful flows her looſe diſhevel'd Hair?
Nor leſs the twiſted Locks become the Fair.
She fires, if purple Veſtments round her flow,
She fires in Garments emulating Snow,
Thus decks *Vertumnus* the celeſtial Hall,
Grac'd with a thouſand Robes and adding Grace to all.

Tibul. Lib. IV. Elegia III.

SULPITIA ad CERINTHUM.

PARCE meo juveni, seu quis bona pascua campi,
Seu colis umbrosi devia montis aper.
Nec tibi sit duros acuisse in prælia dentes.
Incolumem custos hunc mihi servet Amor.
Sed procul abducit venandi Delia curâ.
O pereant sylvæ, deficiantque canes.
Quis furor est, quæ mens densos indagine colles
Claudentem, teneras lædere velle manus?
Quidve juvat furtim latebras intrare ferarum?
Candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis?
Sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, vagari,
Ipsa ego per montes retia torta feram.
Ipsa ego velocis quæram vestigia cervi,
Et demam celeri ferrea vincla cani.

Tunc

Tranſlation of *Tibullus*.

Book IV. Elegy III.

YE furious Boars, that haunt the ſhady Grove,
Or dreary Plain, O ſpare my youthful Love,
Nor whet your Tuſks againſt my charming Boy;
Thou, *Cupid*, guard him for *Sulpicia*'s Joy.
The love of Sport has born him far away,
Periſh, ye Dogs, ye Foreſts, all decay.
Is it not Madneſs o'er the Hills to roam
And bring thy tender Hands all mangled Home?
Can it be ſweet to pierce the thorny Wood,
And ſtain thy Beauteous Legs with ſtarting Blood?
Yet might I my *Cerinthus*' Pleaſures ſhare,
Nor Hills, nor Woods, nor Thorns, nor Wounds I'd fear.
Careful I'd ſearch the Stag's uncertain Way,
And looſe the eager Dog upon his Prey.

Then

Tunc mihi, tunc placeant ſylvæ, ſi, lux mea, tecum
Arguar ante ipſas concubuiſſe plagas.
Tunc veniat licèt ad caſſes, illæſus abibit,
Ne Veneris cupidæ gaudia turbet, aper.
Tunc ſinè me ſit nulla Venus: ſed lege Dianæ,
Caſte puer, caſtâ retia tende manu.
Et quæcunque meo furtim ſubrepit amori,
Incidat in ſævas diripienda feras.
At tu venandi ſtudium concede parenti,
Et celer in noſtros ipſe recurre ſinus.

Then, then the Woods ſhould truly pleaſant prove,
E'en 'mid the Toils I'd graſp my manly Love;
And the rough Boar ſhould paſs unheeded by;
His Safety owing to our thoughtleſs Joy.

But tho' thy Sports, my Love, exceed my Charms,
Oh! take no other Miſtreſs to thy Arms,
At *Dian*'s Shrine his Vows the Sportſman pays,
Chaſte then, like hers, for ever be thy Ways.
And oh! if any ſhameleſs Nymph ſhall dare,
Joys due to me alone, by Stealth to ſhare,
Her guilty Limbs may hungry Tigers tear.
But come, my Love, my Charmer, come away,
To others gladly leave the rural Prey,
To others leave the duſty dang'rous Field,
More Joy the narrow ſpace of theſe fond Arms can yield,

To *R. D.* Esq;

A SONG.

WHO has breath'd *Heliconian* Air,
Or loiter'd on *Pindus'* Side,
Gives to the wild Winds all his Care,
His Grief to the full-flowing Tide.

While his Muse and his Verse are his own,
Alike inattentive he hears
Elizabeth mounting a Throne,
Or *Austria* sinking with Fears.

Then, *Phœbus* send down from thy Choir
Sweet *Clio*, and thence let her bring
A Song that would suit thy own Lyre,
For such only *Varus* should sing.

To War if he tunes his loud Voice,
Alcæus ſhall pay him with Smiles;
Nor leſs ſhall ſoft *Sappho* rejoice
Of Tears when the Nymphs he beguiles.

Nor Envy him, tho' her pleas'd Ear
His Charmer doth ever incline,
But own tho' his *Daphne's* as fair,
She's kinder and wiſer than thine.

Tibul.

Tibul. Lib. I. Elegia I.

DIVITIAS alius fulvo sibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera magna soli:
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.
Me mea paupertas vitæ traducat inerti,
Dum meus exiguo luceat igne focus.
Ipse seram teneras maturo tempore vites
Rusticus, & facili grandia poma manu.
Nec spes destituat, sed frugum semper acervos
Præbeat, & pleno pinguia musta lacu.
Nam veneror, seu stipes habet desertus in agris,
Seu vetus in trivio florida serta lapis.
Et quodcunque mihi pomum novus educat annus,
Libatum agricolæ ponitur ante Deo.

Tranſlation from *Tibullus*.

Book I. Elegy I.

LET num'rous Acres others Hopes employ,
Let Heaps of hoarded Gold give others Joy,
Whom neigh'bring Fear for ever keeps awake,
Or whoſe ſhort Slumbers early Trumpets break;
Let Eaſe, by Poverty begot, be mine,
While on my Hearth the ſcanty Faggots ſhine,
And my own Hand ſets down the ſwelling Vine.
Let but each Year afford me freſh ſupplies,
And faithful to my Hopes my Crops ariſe;
For to each Stock or Stone I bend my Brow,
That bears the hallow'd, tho' neglected, Bough;
And the firſt Fruit with which my Branches nod,
Falls ever ſacred to the rural God.
Nor be the Gift to *Ceres'* Temple ſmall,
But the full Sheaf hang trembling on the Wall;

Flava Ceres, tibi ſit noſtro de rure corona
Spicea, quæ templi pendeat ante fores.
Pomoſiſque ruber cuſtos ponatur in hortis,
Terreat ut ſævâ falce Priapus aves.
Vos quoque felicis quondam, nunc pauperis horti
Cuſtodes, fertis munera veſtra, Lares.
Tunc vitula innumeros luſtrabat cæſa juvencos,
Nunc agna exigui eſt hoſtia magna ſoli.
Agna cadet vobis, quam circùm ruſtica pubes
Clamet iô meſſes, & bona vina date.
Jam modò non poſſum contentus vivere parvo,
Nec ſemper longæ deditus eſſe viæ:
Sed canis æſtivos ortus vitare ſub umbrâ
Arboris, ad rivos prætereuntis aquæ.
Nec tamen interdum pudeat tenuiſſe bidentem,
Aut ſtimulo tardos increpuiſſe boves.
Non agnamve ſinu pigeat, fœtumve capellæ
Deſertum oblitâ matre referre domum.

And in the Garden let *Priapus* ſtand
To ſcare the Birds with his red threat'ning Wand.
Ye too, once Guardians of a happier Plain,
Now ſcarce employ'd to watch my ſmall Domain,
Ye *Lares*, yet ye ſhall your Rites obtain.
Then the fat Calf before your Altars bled,
Suffice it now that the Lamb's Blood be ſhed;
An ample Victim from my leſſen'd Mead.
The Lamb, round whom the ruſtick Lad and Laſs
Shall briſkly trip it o'er th' unbending Graſs,
And *Io! Ceres*, ſing, and crown the ſparkling Glaſs.
Content I live now on the humble plain,
Nor envy toilſome Riches got with Pain;
While the Palm guards me from the Dog Star's Heat,
And the cool Stream runs murm'ring at my Feet.
Without a Bluſh I oft bear home the Lamb
Shiv'ring and cold forſaken of its Dam;
Nor ſometimes ſcorn to hold the Plowman's Rein,
And force the Oxen thro' the ſtubborn Plain.

At vos exiguo pecori furésque lupique
Parcite ; de magno eſt præda petenda grege.
Hic ego paſtorémque meum luſtrare quotannis,
Et placidam ſoleo ſpargere lacte Palem.
Adſitis, Divi, nec vos è paupere menſâ
Dona, nec è puris ſpernite fictilibus.
Fictilia antiquus primùm ſibi fecit agreſtis
Pocula, de facili compoſuitque luto.
Non ego divitias patrum, fructúſque requiro,
Quos tulit antiquo condita meſſis avo.
Parva ſeges ſatis eſt, parvo requieſcere lecto,
Si licet, & ſolito membra levare toro.
Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuiſſe ſinu!
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cùm fuderit Auſter,
Securum ſomnos, imbre juvante, ſequi!
Hoc mihi contingat, ſit dives jure, furorem
Qui maris, & triſtes ferre poteſt pluvias.
O quantum eſt auri pereat potiuſque ſmaragdi,
Quàm fleat ob noſtras ulla puella vias.

Oh! ſpare ye Wolves, and Thieves, my little Stock,
Your Appetites require the rich Man's Flock.
To Shepherd *Pan* I ſacrifice each Year,
And the next Shrine to peaceful *Pales* rear,
On humble Tables ſerv'd, and earthen Ware:
On earthen Ware, ſuch was the Ancients Way,
And ſuch they faſhion'd of the yielding Clay.
I aſk nor Gold nor Silver on my Board,
Nor Barns with Corn by thrifty Grandſires ſtor'd,
Let my ſmall Table be but neatly ſpread,
And give me, Gods, a clean, tho' homely Bed;
And in my Arms when charmig *Delia* lies,
Let the Sea roar and bluſt'ring Winds ariſe,
Her Breaſts my Port, my Guardian Stars her Eyes.
How ſweet thoſe furious Blaſts and Tempeſts prove,
That make each Kiſs come warmer from my Love?
How do thick Show'rs improve my ſilent Joy,
And aid the Sleep they threaten to deſtroy?
This be my Fate.—Wealthy the Wretch ſhou'd be
That bears the Wind, and Rain, and raging Sea.

Te bellare decet terrâ Meſſala mariquè,
Ut domus hoſtiles præferat exuvias.
Me retinent vinctum formoſæ vincla puellæ,
Et ſedeo duras janitor ante fores.
Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia: tecum
Dummodo ſim, quæſo ſegnis, inerſque vocer.
Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
Flebis & arſuro poſitum me, Delia, lecto,
Triſtibus & lacrymis oſcula miſta dabis.
Flebis: non tua ſunt duro præcordia ferro
Vincta, nec in tenero ſtat tibi corde ſilex.
Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quiſquam
Lumina, non virgo ſicca referre domum.
Tu manes ne læde meos, ſed parce ſolutis
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis.

Interea

Rather be loſt all Wealth; all *India* burn
Than any Nymph ſhould for my Abſence mourn,
In dreadful War let great *Meſſalla* ſhine,
And on the Land or Main his Battles join;
Me the ſoft Fair agreeably detains,
A Captive bleſt I triumph in her Chains.
Thee only *Delia*, thee I ſeek, not Fame,
To live with thee I'll bear a Coward's Name:
May I thy Face in my laſt Hour behold,
May I thy Hand with dying Farewel hold;
Thou'lt weep and place me, *Delia*, on the Pyre,
And with thy Tears a while retard the Fire:
Thou'lt weep, I know thy gentle Soul, my Fair,
No ſenſeleſs Steel, no rugged Flint dwells there.
From that ſad Dirge no Youth unmov'd ſhall go,
No Nymph not bear away a friendly Woe.
But mod'rate then thy Sorrow, Oh my Fair,
Nor ſtrike in Grief thy ſwelling Breaſts, nor dare
To violate thy Cheeks or flowing Hair.

Interea, dum fata ſinunt, jungamus amores.
Jam veniet tenebris mors adoperta caput.
Jam ſubrepet iners ætas, nec amare decebit,
Dicere nec cano blanditias capite.
Nunc levis eſt tractanda Venus, dum frangere poſtes
Non pudet, & rixas inſeruiſſe juvat.
Hic ego dux, mileſque bonus; vos ſigna tubæque
Ite procul, cupidis vulnera ferte viris,
Ferte & opes, ego compoſito ſecurus acervo
Deſpiciam dites, deſpiciamque famem.

Come then, lets ſport, my *Delia*, while we may,
Our Hours, tho' unobſerv'd fly ſwift away,
And Love and Revels ill become the Grey.
Gay ſportive *Venus* now demands our Time,
While Blood flows warm, and Youth is in its Prime;
While in the Dance unblushing we appear
Or o'er the flowing Bowl the riſing Morning cheer.
A Soldier brave, or Captain here I ſtand,
Here fight with Pleaſure, here with Pride command.
Far off, Ye Drums and Trumpets, bear your Sounds,
And give Ambition, what it wiſhes, Wounds;
Give it Wealth too — bleſt with my little Store,
Secure in Competence, I aſk no more
Than to ſcorn Wealth and not be counted Poor.

On reading Lord *Bacon*'s Flattery to King *James* I.

YE, to whom Heav'n imparts its ſpecial Fires,
Whoſe Breaſts the wondrous quick'ning Beam inſpires,
That ſheds ſtrong Eloquence's melting Rays,
Or ſcatters forth the bright Poetick Blaze,
Look here and learn, thoſe Gifts how low and light,
If conſcious Dignity not guides their Flight,
How mean when human Pride their Service claims,
And *Bacon* condeſcends to flatter *James*.

EPITAPH on *Charles* VI.

Emperor of *Germany*.

From the *French*.

THE laſt proud *Auſtrian's* Tomb the Eye ſurveys,
Too many for his Honour, were his Days,
For his unhappy Family too few,
While his falſe Object was an Heir in View.
His Wiſdom to his wretched Child has left,
(Of Wealth, of Pow'r, of Crown at once bereft)
A doubtful Kingdom, yet by War annoy'd,
And Counſellors ſuch as himſelf employ'd;
And to ſupport proud Titles vainly told
Nothing ſhe wants but Fortune, Friends and Gold.

Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.

HINC Liber pereat, delectaque vitis laccho;
Officio fungar, caste Lycurge, tuo:
Sæviat Ille quidem, sed quæ dat vulnera Numen,
Quam cano, ni fallar, vulnera sanat Aqua.
Quamvis Titanas cælo dejeceris; armis
His cingar, de te, Bacche, triumphus erit.
Nempe aderit votis, et me servabit Apollo,
Cujus ab auspiciis Pieris unda fluit:
Castaliæ rivus salubres cui porrigit haustus,
Quæ solum radiis est tepefacta Dei.
Quare age, salveto multum Pinsleia proles,
Et quæ cum blando murmure serpis, aqua!
Salve! quæ ripis minime contenta paternis
Felix vicinis expatiaris agris.

En!

In Praiſe of WATER.

A. D. 1736.

PERISH then *Bacchus*, and his darling Vine,
And bold *Lycurgus*, let thy Taſk be mine,
And freely I'll the Godhead's Wrath endure,
Whatever Wounds he gives my Theme can cure;
And arm'd with *Water* I'll maintain the Field,
'Gainſt him who made the Earth-born Giants yield.
For ſure *Apollo* will my Cauſe avow,
Who taught *Caſtalia*'s temp'rate Fount to flow,
Who only drinks of *Aganippe*'s Stream,
That knows no Warmth but from his own pure Beam.

Hail then, ye limpid Streams, that ſweetly glide,
Daughters of *Pinſley*'s ever-flowing Tide.
But from your Sire in happy Error ſpeed
Pleas'd to be loſt in *Kingſland*'s verdant Mead;

With

En! tibi dat palmam, ſurgit tibi Mincius, Illi
Eſt tibi jam Gallus quod fuit ipſe Maro.
Dumque per arva volans curſu laberis amœno
Ad numeros texet carmen Apollo tuos.
Sit licet Æmathio Vates ſit dulcior Orpheo,
Accipiet donum, quam dedit, unda minus.
En circumvolitat ripas tranquilla Voluptas,
Plurimaque aſſiduo volvitur amne Salus.
Labitur, et per me labatur dives arenis
Conſpicuis, Auri fertilis, unda Tagi.
Cujus at es pretii, ſpecioſum vile metallum,
Cum ſit in adversâ lance librata ſalus?
Iſque nec invideo, maturas jactitet uvas,
Et quæ purpureis meſſibus arva rubent.
Dicat et ille, Mea eſt vicinia Solis amici,
Veribus his fretus tutus ab hoſte fluam.
Spes vana, atque illata fides! ſpoliatur et Aurum,
Et Vitis calices tingit, Ibere, tuos;
Cæruleos mittat niſi aquoſa Britania Natos,
Robuſtamque Arctos ſobria fundat opem.

Fortis

With you for Fame while *Mincio* vainly ſtrives,
Since *Maro*'s dead, but tuneful *Gallus* lives:
And, as you ſweetly murm'ring glide along,
Repays each Murmur with a ſweeter Song;
Nor is the Price beyond the Gifts you bring,
Tho' ſweet as *Orpheus*' ſelf he tunes the String;
Soft Pleaſures ſport along the Shores you lave,
And Health comes rolling on in ev'ry Wave.

Let golden *Tagus* boaſt his flowing Wealth:
Baſe Droſs, what art thou, when compar'd with Health?
Let him too boaſt the Vines that round him ſtand,
And with their Cluſters redden all the Land,
Bleſs the near Influence of the Mid-day Star,
And think the Grape inſpires his Sons to War.
[a] Vain Boaſt! for Strangers would his Vintage flow,
And for proud *Spain* his Purple Harveſts grow,
Did not the temp'rate *North* its ſuccour lend,
And *Britain*'s watry Sons his Realms defend.

[a] Theſe Verſes were made when Sir *John Norris* lay with the *Engliſh* Fleet before *Liſbon*.

Miſtaken

Cur igitur Liber Marti narratur amicus?
Mendaces vatum ſi cecinêre chori.
Fortis miles eget non adjutoribus iſtis,
Cur caleat cerebrum, dummodo corda calent?
Ecquando Laurus titubantem Heroa ſecuta eſt?
Pelides ſprevit vulnera merſus aquâ.
Balneolo Lacon ruiturus in arma relicto,
Rurſus ab hoſtili cæde lavatus erat.
Nec minus errârit carmen quo dicitur eſſe
Impuræ vitis non inimicus amor.
Hæc vatum commenta: liquor dilectior ullus
An Veneri ſit quam naſcitur unde Venus?
Formoſæ placuit Virtus Mavortia Divæ,
Quod placuit Thraci ſobria terra Deo.
Una quidem Nympha infelix eſt nupta Lyæo,
Sed deſerta, errans, & maleſana fuit.
Lympha, tuum eſt ergo, quod amantem torreat æſtus,
Heroes quod ament prælia, Lympha, tuum eſt.

Miſtaken Bards of old in vain pretend
That drunken *Bacchus* was to *Mars* a Friend;
True Courage needs no adſcititious Charm,
Be the Head cooleſt when the Heart's moſt warm.
No drunken Heroe e'er maintain'd his Ground,
'Twas Water kept *Achilles* free from Wound,
By that inſpir'd the naked *Spartan* ſtood,
And made a ſecond Bath of hoſtile Blood.

As vainly do their Legends ſtrive to prove
That *Bacchus* is a pow'rful Friend to Love.
What ſhould endear the Swain to *Venus'* Arms
But that fair Element which gave her Charms?
How gain'd the rugged *Mars* the temp'rate Dame
But that from *Thrace* the temp'rate Godhead came?
And who e'er *Bacchus* for a Lover took
But one poor Girl whom all the World forſook?
Then to th' inſpiring Streams, ye Swains, retire;
'Tis Water gives the active Youth deſire,
And, cool itſelf, gives Heroes all their Fire.

Horat. Lib. IV. Ode VII.

Ad TORQUATUM.

Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribuſque comæ.
Mutat terra vices, & decreſcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.
Gratia cum Nymphis geminiſque ſororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne ſperes, monet annus, & almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris: ver poterit æſtas
Interritura, ſimul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cæleſtia Lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives & Ancus;
Pulvis & umbra ſumus.

Quis

Imitation of *Horace.*

Book IV. Ode VII.

THE Winter's gone, Graſs cloaths the Meads once more;
And the freſh Trees with Leaves are cover'd o'er;
The glad Earth owns her Change in flow'ry Pride,
And by their Banks the leſs'ning Rivers glide.
Join'd with the Nymphs the Siſter Graces dare
Lead naked up the Dance in vernal Air.
The Year, the Hours that ſteal the paſſing Day,
Tell us that all is ſubject to Decay.
The Hoar Froſt ſinks beneath warm *Zephyr's* Wing,
And Summer (ſoon to periſh) drives off Spring:
And loaded *Autumn* ſcarce its Fruits has ſhed,
But ſullen Winter once more rears its Head.
Yet the Swift Moons their bright Decays repair,
But we, when *Clotho* cuts the deſtin'd Hair,

Quis ſcit an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtina ſummæ
Tempora Dî ſuperi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Cum ſemel occideris, & de te ſplendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria;
Non, Torquate genus, non te facundia, non te
Reſtituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethæa valet Theſeus abrumpere charo
Vincula Pirithoo.

At once we fall, with all the mighty dead
Mere Duſt become and unapparent Shade.
Who knows if they, who bear almighty ſway,
Will add a Morrow to the preſent Day?
All that to cheat your beſt lov'd ſelf you ſpend,
Shall 'ſcape your greedy Heirs rapacious Hand;
Once dead, not all the Blood Deſcent can give,
Not all the Fire which Breaſts inſpir'd receive,
Not Virtue's ſelf again can make you live.
Phœbus, who *Milton* fir'd with Heav'nly Flame,
Can ne'er the Poet from the Grave reclaim;
Nor the whole Fount that *Helicon* ſupplies,
Waſh *Lethe*'s deadly Stains from *Shakeſpear*'s Eyes.

Horat. Lib. I. Epiſt. II.

Ad LOLLIUM.

TROJANI belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:
Qui, quid ſit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Pleniùs ac meliùs Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, niſi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus,
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam.

Charles Pratt

To *C. P.* Eſq.

Tranſlation of *Horace*,

Book I. Epiſt. II.

WHile you, my Friend, were pleading at the Bar,
I read the Writer of the *Trojan* War.
Whence Good or Evil, Shame or Honour flows,
The Philoſophic Bard exactly ſhows;
With uſeful Rules and ſage Inſtructions fraught,
Beyond what *Crantor* or *Chryſippus* taught.
What makes to me this bold Aſſertion clear,
Unleſs ſome golden Brief detains you, hear.
The Tale that tells how arm'd by *Paris'* Love
For ten long Years two bleeding Nations ſtrove,
Contains a Tide of Turbulence that ſprings
From witleſs Crouds, and full as witleſs Kings.
Give up the Quarrel's Cauſe, *Antenor* cries,
But the fond Lover, hear what he replies;

Quid Paris? ut ſalvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
Cogi poſſe negat. Neſtor componere lites
Inter Peleiden feſtinat & inter Atreiden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine, & ira,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.
Rursùs quid Virtus & quid Sapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inſpexit; latumque per æquor,
Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa
Pertulit, adverſis rerum immerſabilis undis.

Nor Health, nor Life, nor Empire's eaſy Charms
Shall force the raviſh'd fair one from his Arms.

Good *Neſtor* ſtrives the fierce Diſputes to quell,
With which *Achilles* and *Atrides* ſwell;
Keen Love permits one Heroe's Soul no reſt,
And Anger rules alike in eithers Breaſt.
The People's Grief from Monarch's Errors ſprings,
And Subjects pay the want of Senſe in Kings.
Sedition, Falſhood, Evil, Luſt and Rage
The Camp alike and Garriſon engage.

Again what Virtue Wiſdom-join'd can do
Th'inſtructive Chief of *Ithaca* will ſhow,
Who, *Troy* in Duſt, on many a diſtant Shore
Much ſtudy'd human Arts, and Manners more.
He o'er the Sea by varying Tempeſts born,
Purſuing long his own and Friends return,
Stemm'd Fortune's Waves, and with unwearied Pain,
Plung'd in Adverſity, roſe ſafe again,

Sirenum voces & Circes pocula noſti:
Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuiſſet turpis & excors:
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.
Nos numerus ſumus & fruges conſumere nati;
Sponſi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoïque
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus:
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ ceſſatum ducere curam.
Ut jugulent homines, ſurgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipſum ſerves, non expergiſceris? atqui
Si noles ſanus, curres hydropicus: & ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine; ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis & rebus honeſtis,
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur

The *Siren*'s Songs and *Circe*'s Cups are known,
Which with his Comrades had he ſwallow'd down,
Unmann'd he'd rued th' imperious Harlot's Wine,
And yelp'd a Dog, or roll'd in Mud a Swine.

We're uſeleſs Mouths, made but to eat and drink
Shunning Life's only good Employ, to think.
We're poor *Penelope*'s diſorder'd Train,
Phœacian Youth of ſoft *Alcinous*' reign,
A vicious Crew, that lull the tortur'd Breaſt
With Midnight Song and Noon-tide Sleep to reſt.
The murd'ring Felon active leaves his Bed,
And, e'er the Sun be ris'n, in Blood is red;
When he ſo ſwift to others Ruin hies,
Cannot Self-preſervation make you riſe?
Tho' well, you will not leave your eaſy Chair,
When the full Dropſy ſwells you, you muſt ſtir.
Call then for Book and Candle e'er 'tis light,
Give your whole Mind to ſearch out Truth and Right,
Leſt ſome worſe cauſe intruding break your Reſt,
And Love diſturb, or Envy taint your Breaſt.

If

Quæ lædunt oculos, festinas demere: si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. sapere aude:
Incipe. qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Uxor, & incultæ pacantur vomere sylvæ.
Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas, valeat possessor oportet,

If penetrating Gravel tries your Reins,
The Doctor's call'd in haſte to eaſe your Pains,
And ſhall your Mind a worſe Diſeaſe endure
And you let Years paſs by, and ſeek no Cure?
Set out, the Race's hardeſt Part is run,
Great Wiſdom's Work's half finiſh'd when begun.
Who lets the preſent Hour unus'd paſs by,
Waits with the Clown until the River's dry,
Poor ſenſeleſs Ruſtick! the unvarying Stream,
Flows on, and will for ever flow the ſame.

Wealth to acquire is moſt Men's ſov'reign Care,
And then a Wife to bring that Wealth an Heir.
In Tracts of Waſte th'improving Plowſhare's ſeen,
And barren Heaths in fruitful Tilth are green.
Who's ſatisfy'd, however ſmall his Store,
Should ſcorn to throw away a Wiſh for more.
No ſtately Equipage, no ſplendid Plate,
No ſumptuous Houſe, no Rent-roll of Eſtate,
E'er gave the fever'd Blood a Moment's Reſt,
Or pluck'd one Thorn from out its Maſter's Breaſt.

Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum ſic domus, aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
Auriculas citharæ collectâ ſorde dolentes.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis, aceſcit,
Sperne voluptates: nocet empta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis:
Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum, qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit & mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim feſtinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis eſt, animum rege, qui niſi paret,
Imperat: hunc frœnis, hunc tu compeſce catena.

Who thinks to know the uſe of Joy and Wealth,
Muſt firſt be well in Mind, and ſtrong in Health.
Who lives in Fear, or longs with much for more,
Has juſt ſuch Pleaſure from his uſeleſs Store,
As Age-dim Eyes from Painting can receive,
Or Muſick's Strains to Ears impoſtum'd give.
The tainted Caſk ſours all it does contain;
Shun Pleaſures, ever bought too dear with Pain.
The Wretch that covets, always lives in Want,
Stint your Deſire, Heav'n has no more to grant.
The envious fall to others Joy a Prey,
And as their Neighbours thrive, they pine away;
The Breaſts that's Envy's Slave with Pains is prick'd
Beyond what fell Inquiſitors inflict.
He who his riſing Anger can't controul,
Shall rue the Sallies of his heated Soul,
Shall wiſh, in Agony of Heart, undone
What Paſſion will'd in abſent Reaſon's Throne.
Anger's a ſhort-liv'd Madneſs, and with Sway,
Rules Sovereign if not tutor'd to obey.

Keep

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magiſter
Ire viam quam monſtrat eques. venaticus ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aula,
Militat in ſylvis catulus. nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba puer, nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. Quòd ſi ceſſas, aut ſtrenuus anteis;
Nec tardum opperior; nec præcedentibus inſto.

Keep ſtrongly in the hot rebellious Mind,
Be it with Bits reſtrain'd, and Curbs confin'd.
The docile Horſe in prime of Years is broke
To bear the Rein, or ſtretch beneath the Yoke.
The Whelp that hunts the Deer Skin round the Court,
Staunch loves the Field, nor ever quits the Sport.
Drink early then, my Friend, at Reaſon's Bowl,
And fill with wholeſome Draughts thy youthful Soul.
If Wine or Gall the Recent Veſſel ſtains,
Each Scent alike the faithful Caſk retains.

Start then on Virtue's Courſe without Delay,
If you get on but ſlow, I ſhall not ſtay,
Nor preſs upon you if you lead the Way.

Horat. Lib. I. Ode XXV.

Ad LYDIAM.

PARCIUS junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amátque
Janua limen,
Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
Cardines. Audis minus & minus jam,
Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia dormis?
Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis, in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento:

Quum

Tranſlation of *Theocritus.*

Idyllium the Firſt.

THYRSIS and a SHEPHERD.

By a GENLEMAN.

THYRSIS.

SWEET is the Muſick of yon lofty Pine
Amidſt the Fountains; nor leſs ſweet is thine;
Melodious Shepherd, when ſoft pleaſing Strains
Flow from thy Pipe, and charm the liſt'ning Plains.
Pan ever foremoſt of the tuneful Band;
The ſecond Seat unrivall'd you command.
If *Pan* the He goat claims, ſuperior Bard,
To thee the Female falls a juſt Reward;
If to the God this latter Choice belong,
The luſcious Kid crowns thy triumphant Song.

SHEPHERD.

Soft as the ſound when murm'ring Waters glide,
Deſcending thro' the Mountains craggy Side,

Αἴκα ταὶ μῶσαι τὰν ὀΐϊδα δῶρον ἄγωνται,
Αρνα τὺ σακίταν λαψῇ γέρας. αἰ δὲ κ' ἀρέσκῃ
Τήναις ἄρνα λαβεῖν, τὺ δὲ τὰν ὄϊν ὕστερον ἀξεῖς.

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ.

Λῇς ποτὶ τὰν νυμφᾶν, λῇς, αἰπόλε, τῇδε καθίξας,
Ως τὸ κατάντες τοῦτο γεώλοφον, ᾇτε μυρῖκαι,
Συρίσδεν; τὰς δ' αἶγας ἐγὼν ἐν τῷδε νομεύσω.

ΑΙΠΟΛΟΣ.

Οὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὴν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες. ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
Τανίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.
Αλλὰ (τὺ γὰρ δὴ Θύρσι τὰ Δάφνιδος ἄλγεα εἶδες,
Καὶ τᾶς βωκολικᾶς ἐπὶ τὸ πλέον ἵκεο μῶσας,)
Δεῦρ' ὑπὸ τὰν πτελέαν ἑσδώμεθα, τῶ τε Πριήπω
Καὶ τᾶν κρανιάδαν κατεναντίον, ᾇπερ ὁ θῶκος
Τῆνος ὁ πωμενικὸς καὶ ταὶ δρύες. αἰ δὲ κ' ἀείσῃς,
Ως ποκα τὴν Λυβύαθε ποτὶ Χρόμιν ᾆσας ἐρίσδων,

Αἶγά

Is thy ſweet Accent; if the ſacred Nine
Claim the firſt Honours of the fleecy Kine,
The Lamb for thee, ſports in the flow'ry Meads,
And to thy Glory a juſt Victim bleeds.

THYRSIS.

Say, wilt thou ſit and tune thy mellow Reed,
Amidſt theſe Buſhes while thy Flock I feed?

SHEPHERD.

Alas! we fear great *Pan*, who now retreats,
Fatigu'd with early ſports from Noon-tide Heats.
Then ſolemn Silence rules thro' all the Plains,
Or haſty Vengeance ſeeks the guilty Swains.
But thou expert in ev'ry Rural Muſe,
Recline with me beneath theſe ſhady Boughs,
In this cool Arbour *Daphnis'* Fate bewail,
For well thou know'ſt the melancholy Tale;
And if ſuch pleaſing Notes flow from thy Tongue
As when with *Libyan Chromius* late you ſung,

Αἶγά τέ τοι δωσῶ διδυματόκον ἐς τρὶς ἀμέλξαι.
Α δύ' ἔχοισ' ἐρίφως, ποταμέλξεται ἐς δύο πέλλας·
Καὶ βαθὺ κισσύβιον κεκλυσμένον ἁδεῖ καρῷ,
Αμφῶες, νεοτευχὲς, ἔτι γλυφάνοιο ποτόσδον.
Τῷ περὶ μὲν χείλη μαρυέται ὑψόθι κισσὸς,
Κισσὸς ἑλιχρύσῳ κεκονισμένος. ἁ δὲ κατ' αὐτὸν
Καρπῷ ἕλιξ εἱλεῖται ἀγαλλομένα κροκόεντι.
Εντοσθεν δὲ γυνὰ, τὶ θεῶν δαίδαλμα, τέτυκται,
Ασκητὰ πέπλω τε καὶ ἄμπυκι· πὰρ δέ οἱ, ἄνδρες
Καλὸν ἐθειράζοντες ἀμοιβαδὶς ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
Νεικείουσ' ἐπέεσσι. τὰ δ' οὐ φρενὸς ἅπτεται αὐτᾶς.
Αλλοκα μὲν τῶν ποτιδέρκεται ἄνδρα γελεῦσα.
Αλλοκα δ' αὖ ποτὶ τὴν, ῥιπτεῖ νόον. οἱ δ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος
Δηθὰ κυλοιδιόωντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.
Τοῖς δὲ μέτα γριπεύς τε γέρων, πέτρα τε τέτυκται
Λεπρὰς, ἐφ' ᾗ σπεύδων, μέγα δίκτυον ἐς βόλον ἕλκει
Ο πρέσβυς, κάμνοντι τὸ καρτερὸν ἀνδρὶ ἐοικώς·
Φαίης κεν γύων νὶν ὅσον σθένος ἐλλοπιεύειν·
Αἱ δέ οἱ ᾠδήκαντι κατ' αὐχένα πάντοθεν ἶνες,
Κατὰ πολιῷ περ' ἐόντι. τὸ δὲ σθένος ἄξιον ἅβας.

Τυτθὸν

This milky Mother of two Kids ſhall pay
The grateful Tribute of thy tuneful Lay.
A two-ear'd Cup beſides compact and grand
Freſh ſmelling from the ſkilful Artiſt's Hand;
Around its Lips the circling Ivy ſtrays,
And a young Kid in wanton Gambols plays,
Within a Virgin's heav'nly Form emboſt,
Her mantle gently by the Winds is toſt;
Juſt by two comely Swains in youthful Life
For her contending in alternate Strife.
To both her Smiles the ſportive Damſel lends
And now to *Damon*, now to *Strephon* tends,
To neither kind; ſhe unrelenting hears,
Their fruitleſs Plaints, and ſees them bath'd in Tears.
Not far from hence a rugged Rock aſcends,
On it a hoary Fiſher lab'ring bends;
Dragging his heavy Net along the briny Sands.
Each ſwelling Muſcle ſpeaks the hardy Toil,
And in his Veins the vig'rous Fluids boil.

Near

Τυτθὸν δ' ὅσσον ἄπωθεν ἀλιτρύτοιο γέροντος,
Πυρναίαις σταφυλαῖσι καλὸν βέβριθεν ἁλωά.
Τὰν ὀλίγος τις κῶρος ἐφ' αἱμασιαῖσι φυλάσσει
Ἡμενος· ἀμφὶ δέ μιν δύ' ἀλώπεκες· ἁ μὲν, ἀν' ὄρχως
Φοιτῇ, σινομένα τὰν τρώξιμον. ἁ δ' ἐπὶ πήρᾳ
Πάντα δόλον τεύχοισα, τὸ παιδίον ἢ πρὶν ἀνάσειν
Φάτι, πρὶν ἢ ἀκράτιστον ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίξοι.
Αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἀνθερίκεσσι καλὰν πλέκει ἀκριδοθήραν,
Σχοίνῳ ἐφαρμόσδων. μέλεται δέ οἱ οὔτέ τι πηρής,
Οὔτε φυτῶν τοσσῆνον, ὅσον περὶ πλέγματι γαθεῖ.
Παντᾶ δ' ἀμφὶ δέπας περιπέπτατο ὑγρὸς ἄκανθος,
Ἀιολικόν τι θάημα· τέρας κέ τυ θυμὸν ἀτύξαι.
Τοῦ μὲν, ἐγὼ πορθμεῖ Καλυδωνίῳ αἶγά τ' ἔδωκα
Ὦνον, καὶ τυρόεντα μέγαν λευκοῖο γάλακτος.
Ουδέτι πω ποτὶ χεῖλος ἐμὸν θίγεν, ἀλλ ἔτι κεῖται
Ἄχραντον, τῷ κέν τυ μάλα πρόφρων ἀρεσαίμαν,
Αἰκέν μοι τὺ φίλος τὸν ἐφίμερον ὕμνον ἀείσῃς.
Κοὔ τοι τὶ φθονέω· πόταγ' ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτί πω εἰς Αἴδαν γε τὴν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.

ΘΥΡ-

Near this old Sire ſhoots forth a purple Vine,
Luxuriant Grapes on loaded Branches ſhine;
A Boy to watch the golden Fruit is ſet,
While two ſagacious Foxes ling'ring wait;
One thro' the cluſter'd Rows with Silence creeps,
Nibling the Tendrils t'other ſlyly peeps,
Into the well-fill'd Pouch; the wily Beaſt,
Grins at the proſpect of a future Feaſt.
The heedleſs Keeper, he takes no Alarm,
Nor loſs of Breakfaſt fears, nor other Harm;
But fix'd on other Work in haſte prepares
For chirping Graſhoppers inſidious Snares;
The ſoft *Acanthus* circling ſpreads the Whole,
And all aſtoniſh'd view the perfect Bowl;
For this a She-Goat in exchange I paid,
A Cheeſe beſides of Creams delicious made;
Untouch'd, unſully'd this ſhall crown thy Pains,
This Price I pledge for thy harmonious Strains.
Come on; I envy not thy pleaſing Art
Death to thy Muſe a Silence muſt impart.

THYR-

ΘΥΡΣΙΣ.

Αρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Θύρσις ὅδ' ὠξ Αἴτνας, καὶ Θύρσιδος ἅδ' ἁ φωνά.
Πᾶ πόκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο; πᾶ πόκα νύμφαι;
Η κατὰ Πηνειῶ καλὰ τέμπεα, ἢ κατὰ Πίνδω;
Οὐ γὰρ δὴ ποταμοῖο μέγαν ῥόον εἴχετ' Ανάπω,
Ουδ' Αἴτνας σκοπιὰν, οὐδ' Ἄκιδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ.
Ἀρχέτε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Τηῦον μὰν θῶες, τηῦον λύκοι ὠρύσαντο,
Τηῦον χὠ 'κ δρυμοῖο λέων ἀνέκλαυσε θανόντα.
Αρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Πολλαί οἱ πὰρ ποσσὶ βόες, πολλοὶ δέ τε ταῦροι,
Πολλαὶ δ' αὖ δαμάλαι καὶ πόρτιες ὠδύραντο.
Ἀρχέτε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ηνθ' Ερμᾶς πράτιστος ἀπ' οὔρεος. εἶπε δὲ, Δάφνι,
Τίς τυ κατατρύχει; τίνος ὦ 'γαθὲ τόσσον ἔρασται;
Αρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ηνθον τοὶ βῶται, τοὶ ποιμένες, ὠπόλοι ἦνθον.
Πάντες ἀνηρώτευν τί πάθοι κακόν. ἦνθ' ὁ Πρίηπος,
Κῆφα, Δάφνι τάλαν, τί τὺ τάκεαι; ἁ δέ τε κώρα

Πᾶσαν

THYRSIS.

Begin, *Sicilian* Muſes, lead the Song;
This *Thyrſis* ſings, one of your tuneful Throng.
Where were ye all, ye Nymphs, when *Daphnis* dy'd,
Were ye to *Peneus'* flow'ry Borders hi'd,
Or *Pindus'* Shades? For *Acis* winding Brim,
Nor *Ætna* ſaw ye, nor *Anapus'* Stream.
The ſavage Crouds were heard lamenting there,
The Wolf, the Lion dropt for once a Tear,
The milky Kine, the Bull's majeſtic Low,
The Calves and Heifers teſtify'd their Woe.
Firſt *Maia's* Son thro' Grief the Mountain quits,
And aſks why *Daphnis* thus deſponding ſits;
The Shepherds, Herdſmen came, and ev'ry Swain
With Pity ſeeks the Cauſe of all his Pain.
Next comes *Priapus* with ſarcaſtic Jeſt,
Why pines my *Daphnis*? prithee take thy Reſt.

Πᾶσαν ἀνὰ κράναν, πάντ' ἄλσεα ποσσὶ φορεῖται,

(Αρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς)

Ζατεῦσ'· ἆ δύσερώς τις ἄγαν καὶ ἀμήχανος ἐσσί.

Βούτας μὰν ἐλέγου· νῦν δ' αἰπόλῳ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικας.

Ωπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατεῦνται,

Τάκεται ὀφθαλμὼς, ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγευτο.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Καὶ τὺ δ', ἐπεί κ' ἐσορῇς τὰς παρθένος, οἷα γελῶντι,

Τάκεαι ὀφθαλμὼς, ὅτι οὐ μετὰ ταῖσι χορεύεις.

Τὼς δ', οὐδὲν ποτιλέξαθ' ὁ βωκόλος. ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτῷ

Ἄνυε πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄνυε μοίρας.

Αρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Ηνθέ γε μὰν ἁδεῖα καὶ ἁ Κύπρις γελάοισα,

Λάθρῃ μὲν γελάοισα, βαρὺν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχοισα·

Κἦπε, Τὺ θὴν τὴν ἔρωτα κατεύχεο Δάφνι λυγιξεῖν·

Αρ' οὐκ αὐτὸς ἔρωτος ὑπ' ἀργαλέω ἐλυγίχθης;

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Τάνδ' ἄρα χὠ Δάφνις ποταμείψατο, Κύπρι βαρεῖα,

Κύπρι νεμεσσατὰ, Κύπρι θνατοῖσιν ἀπεχθής.

Ηδη γὰρ φράσδει πάνθ' ἅλιον ἄμμι δεδύκειν.

The Nympth grows kind, and trips it in the Grove,
And ſeeks in haſte her fond deluded Love.
Unhappy, ſimple —Shepherd once you wrote,
Now rather Watchman of the luſtful Goat,
He ne'er beholds his Herds in wanton Toy,
But burns for Envy of the luſcious joy.
Nor can he now amongſt the Nymphs reſort,
But ſoon grows pale, and pines for am'rous Sport.
The loveſick Shepherd makes to none Replies,
Takes no Relief, and waſtes away in Sighs.
Then ſmiling thither comes the *Cyprian* Queen,
Inwardly pleas'd but with affected Spleen;
The Shepherd this that ſpurn'd the Pow'rs above,
And vainly thought to bend the Queen of Love!
How is he fall'n? Then *Daphnis* thus rejoin'd,
Ah *Venus*, cruel Empreſs of Mankind,

Δάφνις κεἰν ἀΐδᾳ κακὸν ἔσσεται ἄλλος ἔρωτος.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Οὗ λέγεται τὰν Κύπριν ὁ βωκόλος, ἔρπε ποτ' Ἰδαν,

Ἔρπε ποτ' Ἀγχίσαν· τηνεὶ δρύες, ὧδε κύπειρος,

Ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Ὡραῖος χὤδωνις, ἐπεὶ καὶ μᾶλα νομεύει,

Καὶ πτῶκας βάλλει, καὶ θηρία τἄλλα διώκει.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς·

Αὖτις ὅπως στάσῃ Διομήδεος ἆσσον ἰοῖσα,

Καὶ λέγε, Τὸν βώταν νικῶ Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μάχευ μοι.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς·

Ὦ λύκοι, ὦ θῶες, ὦ ἂν ὤρεα φωλάδες ἄρκτοι,

Χαίρεθ'· ὁ βωκόλος ὔμμιν ἐγὼ Δάφνις οὐκέτ' ἂν ὕλαν,

Οὐκέτ' ἀνὰ δρυμὼς, οὐκ ἄλσεα. χαῖρ' Ἀρέθοισα,

Καὶ ποταμοὶ, τοὶ χεῖτε καλὸν κατὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ·

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Δάφνις ἐγὼν ὅδε τηῦος ὁ τὰς βόας ὧδε νομεύων,

Δάφνις ὁ τὼς ταύρως καὶ πόρτιας ὧδε ποτίσδων.

Ἄρχετε βωκολικᾶς, μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' ἀοιδᾶς.

Flee from a Dying Swain to *Ida*'s Grove;
There pleaſe thy Fancy and indulge thy Love;
Here humble Willows can but faintly meet,
There Oaks for Paſtime form a ſafe Retreat;
There call to mind *Anchiſes*' youthful Arms,
And ſweet *Adonis* in his blooming Charms,
A vig'rous Youth, and fond the Scent to trace
With early hunt, and ſwift purſue the Chace;
Go boaſt to *Tydeus*' Son a Shepherd ſlain,
And boldly dare him to the Fight again.

Adieu, ye Wolves, no longer *Daphnis* roves,
Amid your humble Shrubs, or ſtately Groves,
Adieu, ye Streams, and *Arethuſa*'s Tide,
That into *Thymbris*' gentle Current glide.
Oft to your Beds I drove my thirſty Herd,
Oft on your flow'ry Beds my Fatlings rear'd.

Ω Πὰν Πὰν, εἴτ' ἐσὶ κατ' ὤρεα μακρὰ Λυκαίȣ,
Εἴτε τύ γ' ἀμφιπολεῖς μέγα Μαίναλον· ἔνθ' ἐπὶ νᾶσον
Τὰν Σικελὰν, Ελίκας ϑ̓ λίπε ῥίον, αἰπύ τε σᾶμα
Τῶν Λυκαονίδαο, τὸ ϗ̓ μακάρεσσιν ἀγαςόν.
Λήγετε βωκολικᾶς μῶσαι, ἴτε, λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Ενθ' ὦναξ, ϗ̓ τάνδε φέρ' εὐπάκτοιο μελίπνȣν
Εκ κηρῷ σύριγγα καλὰν, περὶ χεῖλος ἑλικτάν.
Η γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐπ' ἔρωτος ἐς ᾄδαν ἕλκομαι ἤδη.
Λήγετε βωκολικᾶς μῶσαι, ἴτε, λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Νῦν ἴα μ̓ φορέοιτε βάτοι, φορέοιτε δ' ἄκανθαι·
Α ϑ̓ καλὰ νάρκισσος ἐπ' ἀρχεύθοισι κομάσαι·
Πάντα δ' ἔναλλα γένοιτο, ϗ̓ ἁ πίτυς ὄχνας ἐνείκαι·
Δάφνις ἐπεὶ θνάσκει. ϗ̓ τὼς κύνας ὤλαφος ἕλκοι,
Κήξ ὀρέων τοὶ σκῶπες ἀηδόσι γαρύσαιντο.
Λήγετε βωκολικᾶς μῶσαι, ἴτε, λήγετ' ἀοιδᾶς.
Χὠ μ̓, τόσ' εἰπῶν ἀπεπαύσατο. τ̓ δ' Αφροδίτα

Ηθελ'

Thou God, that o'er *Lycæus* tak'ſt thy Flight,
Or if *Mænalian* Hills can more delight,
Quit for a while, the venerable Tomb
Of great *Lycaon*'s Son, and deign to come
Into theſe Groves: this well tun'd Pipe, O *Pan*,
Accept th' Oblation of a dying Swain.

On Brakes let Purple Violets be born,
And fair *Narciſſus* flouriſh on the Thorn,
Let Nature be revers'd when *Daphnis* dies,
Loaded with Pears let bending Pine Trees riſe,
Let fearful Stags purſue the greedy Hound,
And Owls with Nightingales contend in ſound.

Here dropt the Shepherd, nor was heard again,
Venus wou'd raiſe him, but alas! in vain,

Ηθελ' ἀνορθῶσαι. τά γε μὰν λίνα πάντα λελοίπει
Ἐκ Μοιρᾶν. χὠ Δάφνις ἔβα ῥόον, ἔκλυσε δίνα
Τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸ δ' ἐ νύμφαισιν ἀπέχθη.

The fatal Sisters cut the Vital Thread,
And to the Shades the Ghost of *Daphnis* fled;
Daphnis, a fav'rite of the *Aonian* Train,
And to the fairest Nymphs the dearest Swain.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ,

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ ιά.

ΟΥΔ' ΕΝ ποττὸν ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμακον ἄλλο,
Νικία, οὔτ' ἔγχριστον, (ἐμὶν δοκεῖ) οὔτ' ἐπίπαστον,
Ἢ ταὶ Πιερίδες· κοῦφον δέ τι τοῦτο καὶ ἁδὺ
Γίνετ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώποις· εὑρῆν δ' οὐ ῥᾴδιόν ἐστι.
Γινώσκεν δ' οἶμαι τὺ καλῶς, ἰατρὸν ἐόντα,
Καὶ ταῖς ἐννέα δὴ πεφιλαμένον ἔξοχα μοίσαις.
Οὕτω γοῦν ῥάϊστα διᾶγ' ὁ Κύκλωψ ὁ παρ' ἡμῖν,
Ὠρχαῖος Πολύφαμος, ὅκ' ἤρατο τᾶς Γαλατείας,
Ἄρτι γενειάσδων περὶ τὸ στόμα τῶς κροτάφως τε·
Ηρατο δ' οὔτι ῥόδοις, οὐ μάλοις, οὐδε κικίνοις,
Αλλ' ὀλοαῖς μανιαῖς· ἀγεῖτο δὴ πάντα πάρεργα.

Πολλάκι

Tranſlation from *Theocritus*,

The CYCLOPS,

Idyll. XI.

NO Balm ſo ſtrongly healing can we find,
As Verſe or Muſick to the Love-ſick Mind;
Verſes are light, and light the tuneful Strain,
Yet, Trifles as they are, they're hard to gain.
This well thou know'ſt, a Prieſt at *Phœbus* Shrine,
And a ſweet fav'rite of the tuneful Nine.

'Twas thus the *Cyclops* ſooth'd his fierce Deſire,
When *Galatea* fill'd his Soul with Fire;
Juſt as the riſing Down his Manhood ſpoke,
Nor yet his Voice to Notes too harſh was broke.
'Twas not with gentle Gifts he woo'd the Fair,
Nor glitt'ring Dreſs, nor nicely curling Hair;
But raging keen Deſire poſſeſt him whole,
And Love's wild Tempeſt madded in his Soul.

Πολλάκι ταὶ ὄϊες ποτὶ τ' αὔλιον αὐτὰι ἀπῆνθον
Χλῶρας ἐκ βοτάνας· ὁ δὲ τὰν Γαλάτειαν ἀείδων,
Αὐτῶ ἐπ' αἰΐονος κατετάκετο φυκιοέσσας
Εξ ἀοῦς, ἔχθιστον ἔχων ὑποκάρδιον ἕλκος,
Κύπριος ἐκ μεγάλας, τό οἱ ἥπατι πᾶξε βέλεμνον.
Αλλὰ τὸ φάρμακον εὗρε· καθεζόμενος δ' ἐπὶ πέτρας
Ὑψηλᾶς, ἐς πόντον ὁρῶν, ἄειδε τοιαῦτα·
Ὦ λευκὰ Γαλάτεια, τί τῶν φιλέοντ' ἀποβάλλῃ;
Λευκοτέρα πακτᾶς ποτιδεῖν, ἁπαλωτέρα δ' ἀρνὸς,
Μόσχω γαυροτέρα, φιαρωτέρα ὄμφακος ὠμᾶς.
Φοιτῇς δ' αὖθ' οὕτως ὅκκα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἔχῃ με·
Οἴχῃ δ' εὐθὺς ἰοῖσα ὅκα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνῇ με·
Φεύγεις δ' ὥσπερ ὄϊς πολιὸν λύκον ἀθρήσασα.
Ηράσθην μὲν ἔγωγε κόρα τεῦ, ἀνίκα πρᾶτον
Ηνθές ἐμᾷ σὺν ματρὶ, θέλοισ' ὑακίνθινα φύλλα

His Sheep unheeded oft at Night went Home,
His Herds he valued not, but choſe to roam
The Melancholy beaten Surge along,
And to the rolling Surges tune his Song.
So ſtrongly dipp'd, ſo ranc'rous was the Dart,
With which great *Venus* piere'd the Shepherd's Heart.
One Remedy he found,—the Rock on high
He climb'd, and on the Green Sea caſt his Eye,
And thus he ſung, and wiſh'd his fair One by.

Why, *Galatea*, flieſt thou him who loves?
Whiter than clouted Cream, more ſoft than Doves,
Blith as the Bull, that from th' Encloſure ſcapes,
Yet tart and harſh as Juice of unripe Grapes.
When Sleep e'er ſeals my Lid thou ventur'ſt nigh,
But fleeſt when e'er thou ſeeſt my op'ning Eye,
As from the brindled Wolf the Lambkins fly.
Then firſt, ſweet Maid, my Soul confeſt the Flame,
When with my Mother to the Hills you came,

Ἐξ ὄρεος δρέψασθαι· ἐγὼ δ' ὁδὸν ἡγεμόνευον.
Παύσασθαι δ' ἐσιδὼν τὺ ἐς ὕστερον οὐδέτι πω νῦν
Ἐκ τήνω δύναμαι· τὶν δ' οὐ μέλει οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐδέν.
Γινώσκω χαρίεσσα κόρα τίνος οὕνεκα φεύγεις.
Οὕνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὀφρῦς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετώπῳ
Ἐξ ὠτὸς τέταται ποτὶ θώτερον ὦς μία μακρά.
Εἷς δ' ὀφθαλμὸς ἔπεστι· πλατεῖα δὲ ῥὶς ἐπὶ χείλει.
Ἀλλ' ὠυτὸς τοιοῦτος ἐὼν, βοτὰ χίλια βόσκω,
Κὴκ τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενον γάλα πίνω·
Τυρὸς δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὔτ' ἐν θέρει, οὔτ' ἐν ὀπώρῃ,
Οὐ χειμῶνος ἄκρω· ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπεραχθέες αἰεί.
Συρίσδεν δ' ὡς οὔτις ἐπίσταμαι ὧδε Κυκλώπων,
Τὶν, τὸ φίλον γλυκύμαλον, ἁμᾶ κὴμαυτὸν ἀείδων,
Πολλάκι νυκτὸς ἀωρί. τρέφω δέ τοι ἕνδεκα νεβρὼς,
Πάσας ἀμνοφόρως, καὶ σκύμνως τέσσαρας ἄρκτων.
Ἀλλ' ἀφίκευ τὺ ποτ' ἄμμε, καὶ ἑξεῖς οὐδὲν ἔλασσον·
Τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἔα ποτὶ χέρσον ὀρεχθεῖν.

Αδιον

And as among the Flow'rs you choſe to ſtay,
Pleas'd with th'enchanting Taſk I ſhow'd the Way.
Then, then I look'd and lov'd, and ſtill love on,
How vainly to the Gods, and you is known,
But oh! I know what makes you fly and fear,
Becauſe upon my gloomy Brow the Hair,
Stretches its ſhaggy Breadth from Ear to Ear;
And one red Eye-ball in my Forehead glows,
And o'er my Lips broad ſwells my op'ning Noſe.
But being thus, a thouſand Sheep I feed,
And when I thirſt, their choiceſt Milk's my Meed,
All Summer long my Stores of Cheeſe I boaſt,
Nor leſs in Autumn's Heat and Winter's Froſt.
With Muſick none like me the Reeds can fill,
When on the rough Verge of ſome ſhadowy Hill
I ſing thy Charms, and my unpity'd Woe,
Nor heed the Hours that paſs, or Storms that blow.
For thee eleven pregnant Hinds I keep,
And round my Cave four gentle Bearlings creep.
Come then, all theſe my Love ſhall have and more,
Come then, and leave the Sea to laſh the Shore.

With

Ἄδιον ἐκ τὤντρῳ παρ' ἐμὶν τὰν νύκτα διαξεῖς·
Εντὶ δάφναι τηνεὶ, ἐντὶ ῥαδιναὶ κυπάρισσοι·
Εντὶ μέλας κισσὸς, ἔντ' ἄμπελος ἁ γλυκύκαρπος.
Εντὶ ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, τό μοι ἁ πολυδένδρεος Αἴτνα
Λευκᾶς ἐκ χιόνος, ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον, προΐηλι.
Τίς κεν τῶνδε θάλασσαν ἔχειν ἢ κύμαθ' ἕλοιτο;
Ἀιδέ τοι αὐτὸς ἐγὼ δοκέω λασιώτερος ἦμες,
Εντὶ δρυὸς ξύλα μοι, καὶ ὑπὸ σποδῷ ἀκάματον πῦρ·
Καιόμενος δ' ὑπὸ τεῦ καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἀνεχοίμαν,
Καὶ τὴν ἕν' ὀφθαλμὸν, τῶ μοι γλυκερώτερον οὐδὲν.
Ὦ μοι ὅτ' οὐκ ἔτεκέν μ' ἁ μάτηρ βράγχι' ἔχοντα,
Ὡς κατέδυν ποτὶ τὶν, καὶ τὰν χέρα τεῦ ἐφίλασα,
Αἰ μὴ τὸ στόμα λῇς· ἔφερον δέ τοι ἢ κρίνα λευκὰ,
Ἢ μάκων' ἁπαλὰν, ἐρυθρὰ πλαταγώνι' ἔχοισαν.
Αλλὰ τὰ μὲν, θέρεος, τὰ δὲ γίνεται ἐν χειμῶνι·
Ως' οὐκ ἄν ταῦτα φέρειν ἅμα πάντ' ἐδυνάθην,
Νῦν μὰν ὦ κόριον νῦν αὐτόθι νῦν γε μαθεῦμαι,

Αἴκά

With me much better ſhalt thou paſs the Night,
See here the the Laurel and the Cypreſs ſtraight,
The gloomy Ivy and the fruitful Vine,
Around my Cave with mingled Branches twine.
See? where yon Stream from woody *Ætna* fell,
And now runs level trickling thro' my Cell.
Who wou'd not theſe to briny Waves prefer?
What tho' I'm Brawny-limb'd and rough with Hair,
For thee theſe Limbs, this Fleſh, this Heart I'd tear,
For thee my very Soul I would deſtroy,
Nay loſe, ſtill more, my one dear Eye with Joy.
Woe's me! that on theſe Arms no Fins I wear,
That diving at thy Feet I might appear,
And on thy Hand my Lips with Kiſſes feed;
Thy Mouth t'attempt you'd think too bold a Deed.
The Lilly fair, and Poppy ſmooth I'd bring,
In Winter one, and t'other in the Spring;
The Poppy that, if ſilent, gives deſpair,
But loudly cracking ſpeaks the willing Fair.

Oh!

Αἴκά τις σὺν ναῒ πλέων ξένος ὧδ' ἀφίκηται.
Ὥς κεν ἴδω τί ποθ' ἁδὺ κατοικεῖν τὸ βυθὸν ὔμμιν.
Ἐξένθοις Γαλάτεια, καὶ ἐξενθοῖσα λάθοιο
(Ὥσπερ ἐγὼ νῦν ὧδε καθήμενος) οἴκαδ' ἀπενθεῖν·
Ποιμαίνειν δ' ἐθέλοις σὺν ἐμὶν ἅμα, καὶ γάλ' ἀμέλγειν,
Καὶ τυρὸν πᾶξαι, τάμισον δριμεῖαν ἐνεῖσα.
Α μάτηρ ἀδικεῖ με μόνα, καὶ μέμφομαι αὐτᾷ·
Οὐδὲν πᾷ ποχ' ὅλως ποτί τιν φίλον εἶπεν ὑπέρ μευ,
Καὶ ταῦτ', ἆμαρ ἐπ' ἆμαρ ὁρῶσά με λεπτὸν ἐόντα.
Φασῶ τὰν κεφαλὰν καὶ τὼς πόδας ἀμφοτέρως μευ
Σφύσδειν, ὡς ἀνιαθῇ· ἐπεὶ κἠγὼν ἀνιῶμαι.
Ω Κύκλωψ, Κύκλωψ, πᾷ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότασαι;
Αικ' ἐνθὼν ταλάρως τε πλέκοις, ἐς θαλλὸν ἁμάσας

Τοῖς

Oh! that ſome Ship ſwift ſailing I could ſpy,
And ſtop it with my Voice, and bring it nigh,
Then would I learn to ſwim, and then I'd know,
What Charms thy Sea green Manſions have below.

But come, my *Galatea*, from the Sea,
Come, and, when here, forget thy Home like me.
Our Sheep let's feed, receive their milky Stream,
And pour the Runlet thro' the thickning Cream,

Alas! my Mother! ſhe alone's to blame,
She never woo'd for me, ne'er told my Flame,
Tho' ſleepleſs on the Banks ſhe knew I lay,
And ſaw each Morning how I fell away.
To vex her, of the Head-ach I'll complain,
Why ſhou'd not ſhe, as well as I, have Pain?

Oh *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reaſon flown?
Go Home, and to thy Labours ſit thee down.

Thy

Τοῖς ἄρνεσσι φέροις, τάχα κεν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔχοις νοῦν.
Τὰν παρεοῖσαν ἄμελγε· τί τῶν φεύγοντα διώκεις;
Ἑυρήσεις Γαλάτειαν ἴσως καὶ καλλίον' ἄλλαν.
Πολλαὶ συμπάισδεν με κόραι τὰν νύκτα κέλονται,
Κιχλίζοντι δὲ πᾶσαι, ἐπὴν κ' αὐταῖς ὑπακόισω·
Δηλονότ' ἐν τᾷ γᾷ κἠγών τις φάινομαι ἦμες.
Οὕτω τοι Πολύφαμος ἐποίμαινεν τὸν ἔρωτα,
Μουσίσδων· ῥᾷον δὲ διᾶγ' ἢ χρυσὸν ἔδωκεν.

ΑΛΙ-

Thy Baſkets weave, and feed thy hungry Sheep;
What boots thy whining to the ſenſeleſs Deep?
Seek ſome kind Girl, nor follow flying Feet,
Some fairer *Galatea* ſhalt thou meet,
There's Nymphs enough would fain o'er me prevail,
And titt'ring laugh when I attend their Tale.
And howſoe'er the Sea Nymphs flout and fling,
The *Cyclops* here's no deſpicable Thing.

Thus *Polyphemе* for Eaſe, nor vainly, ſtrove,
But found th'all pow'rful Charms of Muſick prove
More prevalent than Gold to conquer Love.

ΑΛΙΕΙΣ.

ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ κά.

Α Πενία Διόφαντε μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει·
Αὐτὰ τῷ μόχθοιο διδάσκαλος· οὐδὲ γὰρ εὕδειν
Ανδράσιν ἐργατίναισι κακαὶ παρέχοντι μέριμναι.
Κἂν ὀλίγον νυκτός τις ἐπιψαύσῃσι τὸν ὕπνον,
Αἰφνίδιον θορυβεῦσιν ἐφιστάμεναι μελεδῶναι.
Ιχθύος ἀγρευτῆρες ὁμῶς δύο κεῖντο γέροντος,
Στρωσάμενοι βρύον αὖον ὑπὸ πλεκταῖς καλύβαισι,
Κεκλιμένοι τοίχῳ τᾷ φυλλίνῳ· ἐγγύθι δ' αὐτοῖν
Κεῖτο τὰ ταῖν χειροῖν ἀθλήματα, τοὶ καλαθίσκοι,

Tranſlation from *Theocritus.*

Idyllium XXI.

By a Friend.

WANT can edge Wit, and Sciences inſpire,
The Tutor of all Arts, if not the Sire;
Known ſuch a Pother in the Brain to keep,
As robs poor Mortals of their balmy Sleep;
Or with ſhort Slumbers if a Moment bleſt,
Care ſteps unkindly in, and breaks their Reſt.
Two Fiſhermen, a Life of Thrift and Pain,
May ſome how ſerve the Moral to explain.
In their pleach'd Cabin, on a leafy Bed
Of dry Sea Weeds, and Oſiers at their Head,
Supinely ſtretch'd their aged Limbs, and near
Their Baſkets, Tools, and all their Fiſhing Geer,
Rods, Hooks and Lines, and Inſtruments, and Hairs,
And Baits of various Sorts, and various Snares;

Τοὶ κάλαμοι, τὤγκιςρα, τὰ φυκιόεντά τε λῆδα,
Ὁρμειαὶ, κύρτοι, καὶ ἐκ σχοίνων λαβύρινθοι,
Μήρινθοι, κῶάς τε, γέρων δ' ἐπ' ἐρείσμασι λέμβος.
Νέρθεν τᾶς κεφαλᾶς φορμὸς βραχὺς, εἵματα πῖλοι.
Οὗτος τοῖς ἁλιεῦσιν ὁ πᾶς πόνος, οὗτος ὁ πλοῦτος.
Οὐδεὶς δ' οὐ χύτραν εἶχ', οὐ κυύα· πάντα πεισσὰ
Πάντ' ἐδόκει τήνας ἄγρας· πενία σφιν ἑταῖρα.
Οὐδεὶς δ' ἐν μέσσῳ γείτων, παντᾶ δὲ παρ' αὐτὴν
Θλιβομένᾳν καλύβαν τρυφερὸν προσέναχε θάλασσα.
Οὔπω τὸν μέσατον δρόμον ἄνυεν ἅρμα σελάνας,
Τοὺς δ' ἁλιεῖς ἤγειρε φίλος πόνος· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
Ὕπνον ἀπωσάμεναι σφετέραις φρεσὶν ἤρεθον ᾠδάν.

α. Ψεύδονται φίλε πάντες ὅσοι τὰς νύκτας ἔφασκον
Τῶ θέρεος μινύθειν, ὅτε τἄματα μακρὰ φέρει Ζεύς.
Ἤδη μυρί' ἐσεῖδον ὀνείρατα, κοὐδέπω ἀώς.

The Mazy wicker Wheel, the coddled Net,
From Yeſterday's Employment Green and Wet;
Hard by a crazy Boat; a Mat o'er-ſpread,
Their Caps and Jackets bolſter'd up their Head.
Fiſhing their Wealth, their Toil, and their Reward,
With neither Spit, nor Pot, nor Dog to guard.
Gallant their Trade, Ambition's utmoſt end!
Bleſt, who cou'd find in Poverty a Friend!
No Neighbour to diſturb, and Noiſe was not,
Save the daſh'd Tide that play'd againſt their Cot.
The Moon had ſcarcely finiſh'd half her Courſe,
When our Tars waken'd; ſuch the pleaſing Force
And Memory of ſweet Fatigue; — and now
They yawn'd and rubb'd the Slumber from their Brow.
When one to t'other Mate began a Song.

JACOB.

I'm thinking *Peter*, what they ſay is wrong.
That Summer Nights are ſhort becauſe the Day is long.
I dreamt, and dreamt again, ſince I was born.
I ne'er dreamt thus, and look it is not Morn.

Μὴ λαθόμην; τί τὸ χρῆμα; χρόνον δ' αἱ νύκτες ἔχοντι.

β. Ἀσφαλίων, μέμφῃ τὸ καλὸν θέρος· οὐ γὰρ ὁ καιρὸς

Αὐτομάτως παρέβα τὸν ἑὸν δρόμον· ἀλλὰ τὸν ὕπνον

Ἁ φροντὶς κόπτοισα, μακρὰν τὰ νύκτα ποιεῖ τιν.

α. Ἆρ' ἔμαθες κρίνειν ποκ' ἐνύπνια; χρηστὰ γὰρ εἶδον.

Οὔ σε θέλω τὠμῷ φαντάσματός ἦμεν ἄμοιρον.

Ως καὶ τὰν ἄγραν, τὠνείρατα πάντα μερίζεν.

Οὐ γὰρ νικαξῇ κατὰ τὸν νόον· οὗτος ἄριστος

Εστὶν ὀνειροκρίτας, ὁ διδάσκαλος ἐστι παρ' ᾧ νοῦς.

Ἄλλως γὰρ σχολή ἐστι. τί γὰρ ποιεῖν ἂν ἔχοι τὶς

Κείμενος ἐν φύλλοις ποτὶ κύματι, μηδὲ καθεύδων

Forget it, or ſleep ſtill t' by yonder Moon.
'Tis ſtrange, what may this mean? long Nights in *June*?

PETER.

Jacob, you ſpeak of Summer as in Fau't,
Alas! 'tis not in Summer, but in Thought.
Time goes, as he is bid; nor flies nor reels,
Tho' Trouble oft hang Lead upon his Heels!

JACOB.

An' have you ſkill a Dream t' interpret right,
I'faith a brave and bonny one to night.
Thou ſhalt go halves, whatever Fortune brings,
And ſhare my Dreams as well as other Things.
Peter, thour't ſhrewd and full of wiſe Remark,
And ſuch can beſt unriddle what is dark.
Come ſpeak, old Boy, Time hanging on our Hand,
Lets not lie mute like Cockles on the Sand,
Our ſedgy Lodging and the tumbling Deep,
Afford but little Appetite to ſleep.

Ἄσμενος ἐν ῥάμνῳ; τὸ δὲ λύχνιον ἐν πρυτανείῳ.
Φαντὶ δὲ μὲν ἄγραν τόδ' ἔχειν. β. Λέγε μοι ποτὲ νυκτὸς
Ὄψιν, πάντα τεῷ δὲ λέγων μηνύσον ἑταίρῳ.
α. Δειλινὸν ὡς κατέδαρθον ἐν εἰναλίοισι πόνοισιν,
(Οὐκ ἦν μὰν πολύσιτος· ἐπεὶ δειπνεῦντες ἐν ὥρᾳ
Εἰ μέμνῃ, τᾶς γαστρὸς ἐφειδόμεθ') εἶδον ἐμαυτὸν,
Εν πέτρᾳ μεμαῶτα· καθεζόμενος δὲ δόκευον
Ιχθύας, ἐκ καλάμων δὲ πλάνον κατέσειον ἐδωδάν.
Καί τις τῶ τραφερῶν ὠρέξατο. καὶ γὰρ ἐν ὕπνοις
Πᾶσα κύων ἄρτως μαντεύεται· ἰχθύα κηγών,
Χὠ μὲν ταὐγκίστρῳ ποτεφύετο, καὶ ῥέεν αἷμα·

Τὸν

I warrant a fine Day. Obſerve the Light
From *Edyſtone's* high Tow'r looks clear and bright.

PETER.

Come then, lets have it now, thy Dream reveal
And nothing from thy Brother Tar conceal.

JACOB.

At fade of Sun when to our Reſt we crept,
With weary Bones, and ſoon and ſoundly ſlept,
Too well thou know'ſt how ſlenderly we eat,
No Danger of a Surfeit from our Meat:
Methought I ſat me down with eager Wiſh,
(Dogs dream of Carrion, and we dream of Fiſh)
Upon a Rock and kept a ſharp look out,
And trail'd my Line, and mov'd my Bait about;
When lo! a great, a huge one, over-grown,
Made to the Bait, and greedy gorg'd it down,
By Blood about the Gills I knew him ſtruck,
And ſtraitway found him tugging at my Hook:

Τὸν κάλαμον δ' ὑπὸ τοῦ κινήματος ἀγκύλον εἶχον.
Τὼ χέρε τεινόμενος, περὶ κνώδαλον εὗρον ἀγῶνα,
Πῶς μὲ ἕλω μέγαν ἰχθὺν ἀφαυροτέροισι σιδάροις.
Εἶθ' ὑπομιμνάσκων τῶ τραύματος, ἆρ' ἐμὲ νύξεις;
Καὶ νύξῃ χαλεπῶς. καὶ οὐ φεύγοντος ἔτεινα.
Ἤνυσ' ἰδὼν τὸν ἀεθλον. ἀνήλκυσα χρύσεον ἰχθὺν,
Παντᾶ τῷ χρυσῷ πεπυκασμένον. εἶχε δὲ δεῖμα
Μή τι Ποσειδάωνι πέλοι πεφιλαμένος ἰχθὺς,
Ἢ τάχα τᾶς γλαυκᾶς κειμήλιον Αμφιτρίτης.
Ηρέμα δ' αὐτὸν ἐγὼ ἐκ τὠγκίστρω ἀπέλυσα,
Μή ποτε τῶ στόματος τἀγκίστρια χρυσὸν ἔχοιεν.
Καὶ τὸν μὲ πειστῆρσι κατῆγον ἐπ' ἠπείροιο·
Ὤμοσα δ' οὐκέτι λοιπὸν ὑπὲρ πελάγους πόδα θεῖναι,
Αλλὰ μένειν ἐπὶ γᾶς, καὶ τῶ χρυσῶ βασιλεύειν.
Ταῦτά με κἀξήγειρε· τὺ δ' ὦ ξένε λοιπὸν ἔρειδε
Τὰν γνώμαν· ὅρκον γὰρ ἐγὼ τὸν ἐπώμοσα ταρβῶ.

β,

The Rod was double bent, and as he flounc'd,
My Heart went pit a pat and with him bounc'd.
My Arm I put forth at its utmoſt reach,
Fearing the Line might crack upon the ſtretch,
And now let out, now drew it to the Beach,
'Till Maſter of his ſtrength; when to be gone
He ſtruggled; I'll be with you, Friend, anon!
In ſhort I drew a Golden Fiſh on Shore,
Scales, Fins, and Inſide Gold — now frighten'd more;
Leſt Some great Admiral his Claim ſhould bring,
Or Officers might ſieze it for the King.
My Chap in Hand full gingerly I took,
For fear ſome Gold might ſtick about the Hook.
Then thanking Heav'n a luſty Oath I ſwore,
Never upon the Seas to venture more.
But with my Treaſure drink, and roar, and ſing,
And live on land as happy as a King.
This wak'd me — but what think you of my Oath?
To be forſworn I am exceeding loath.

PETER

β. Καὶ σύ γε μὴ τρέσσῃς· ἀκ ὤμοσας· ἀδὲ χὸ ἰχθὺν
Χρύσεον εἶδες ἢ εὗρες· ἴσαι ἢ ψεύδεσιν ὄψεις.
Εἰ δ' ὕπαρ, ἀ κνώσσων τὺ τὰ χωρία ταῦτα ματεύσεις,
Ελπὶς τ' ὕσσων ζαλεῖ τ' σάρκινεν ἰχθύν·
Μὴ σὺ θάνῃς λιμῷ, καίτοι χρυσοῖσιν ὀνείροις.

PETER.

With theſe ſtrange Fancies prithee, Man, have done,
Art mad? No Oath you ſwore, and Fiſh caught none.
Go to that Rock, not ſleeping, but awake,
Thy Eyes and Guts will ſhow thee thy Miſtake.
Need my Friend *Jacob* at this Age be told,
That they muſt ſtarve who only dream of Gold?

Tradu-

From *Milton*.

Book I. Verſe 242, &c.

IS this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
(Said then the loſt Arch-Angel) this the Seat,
That we muſt change for Heav'n? this mournful Gloom
For that celeſtial Light? be it ſo! ſince He
Who now is Sovereign can diſpoſe, and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from Him is beſt,
Whom Reaſon hath equall'd, Force hath made ſupreme
Above his Equals. Farewel, happy Fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells! hail Horrours! hail
Infernal World! and thou profoundeſt Hell

I had the Pleasure of being in Company with Mr. O'Brien, an Irish Gentleman whose Family was drove out of Ireland by Cromwell: he was first designed for the Church, but is now a Knight of the Order of St Lewis & lives now in the Abbey of St Germain des Prez at Paris, where the Count de Clermont is Commendatory Abbat under whom he has a Commission the Receive

Traduction de Milton, Liv. I.

Diſcours de Satan precipitè du haut de Ciel à la vue de L' Enfer.

By Mr. RUMGOLD a Student in the *Jeſuits* College at *Paris*.

C'eſt donc là, la retraite & le ſombre ſejour,
Que pour l'eclat des Cieux nous changeons ſans retour!
L' horreur de ces cachots, & leurs flambeaux funeſtes,
Pour cette Paix tranquille, & ces rayons celeſtes!
Eh bien — ſoit! c'eſt celuy qui commande dujourdhuy
Qui maitre de mon ſort, ordonne tout ainſi.
J'ai fierement oſé lui declarer la guerre,
S'il eſt mon maitre encore, c'eſt à coups de tonnerre.
Par raiſon mon egal, ce qu'il ne devoit pas
A bon droit de ſa cauſe, Il le droit a ſon bras.
Adieu! donc pour jamais, Contrée heureuſe & belle,
Où la joye a fixè ſa demeure eternelle!
C'eſt vous que je ſalue, Horreurs, Peines, Tourments!
C'eſt vous que je ſalue, Enfers! Cachots Brulants!

Army. I met him several Times at Mr. Et
Horace Walpole's Lodgings at Paris in Nov:
1765, & seemed a very pretty Gentleman.

Receive thy New Poſſeſſor! One, who brings
A Mind not to be chang'd by Place, or Time,
The Mind is its own Place, and in it ſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than He
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th'Almighty hath not built
Here for His Envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my Choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell:—

Et Toy, Gouffre ſans fond, Abyme impenetrable,
Reçoi dans tes replis un Eſprit indomptable,
Que ni la force en main, ni l'extreme danger
Ni les Tems, ni les lieux n'ont jamais pû changer.
L'Eſprit ſe ſuffit ſeul, — & d'un lieu de ſupplices
Il peut faire un ſejour de Joye & de Delices.
Et qu'importe, apres tout, en quels lieux ſoit Satan,
Pourvû qu'il ſoit toujours eloignè d'un Tyran?
Pourvû qu'il ſoit toujours ce qu'il doit toujours être
Incapable à la fois & d'Egal & de Maitre,
Icy, du moins Icy, Je puis regner en Paix;
On ne m'envira pas ce lugubre Palais.
Et dût la foudre encore par ces clartès funebres
Diſſiper de ces lieux les epaiſſes tenebres,
J'y regnerai ſans crainte — Aux Yeux de Lucifer
Un Trone a des appas, dû il être en Enfer.

*VACUNA.

By a FRIEND.

SCEPTRE of Eaſe! whoſe calm Domain extends
O'er the froze *Chronian*, or where lagging Gales
Fan to repoſe the Southern Realms. O! whom
More Slaves obey than ſwarm about the Courts
[a] *Pekin*, or [b] *Agra*,— Univerſal *Queen!*
Me hap'ly ſlumb'ring all a Summer's Day,
Thy meaneſt Subject, often has thou deign'd
Gracious to viſit. If thy Poppy then
Was e'er infus'd into my gifted Quill,
If e'er my nodding Muſe was bleſt with Pow'r,
To doze the Reader with her opiate Verſe—
Come, Goddeſs; but be gentle; not as when
On ſtudious Heads attendant thou art ſeen
Faſt by the twinkling Lamp, poring and pale
Immers'd in Meditation, Sleep's great Foe?
Where the Clue-guided *Caſuiſt* unwinds

* The Goddeſs of *Indolence*. [a] The Capital of *China*.
[b] The Capital of the Mogul's Country, lately plunder'd by *T. Kouli Kan*.

Per-

Perplexities; or *Halley* from his Tower
Converſes with the Stars. In other Guize
Thy Preſence I invoke, ſerene approach,
With Forehead ſmooth, and ſauntring Gait; put on
The Smile unmeaning, or in ſober Mood
Fix thy flat, muſing, leaden Eye: As looks
Simplicius, when he ſtares and ſeems to think;
Prompted by thee, *Reſervo* keeps at Home,
Intent on Books: He when alone applies
The Needle's Reparation to his Hoſe,
Or ſtudious ſlices Paper. Taught by thee
Dullman takes Snuff, and ever and anon
Turns o'er the Page unread. Others more ſage,
Place, Year, and Printer not unnoted, well
Examine the whole *Frontiſpiece*, and if
Yet ſtricter their Inquiry, e'en proceed
To Leaves within, and Curious there ſelect
Italicks, or conſult the Margin, pleas'd
To find a Hero or a Tale: all elſe,
The Obſervation, Maxim, Inference

Diſturb the Brain with Thought. — It ſure were long
To name thy ſev'ral Vot'ries, Pow'r ſupine,
And all thy various Haunts. Why ſhould I ſpeak
Of Coffee-houſe? Or where the Eunuch plays,
Or *Roſcius* in his Buſkin? Theſe and more
Thy crouded Temples, where thou ſit'ſt enſhrin'd
Glorious, thy Incenſe *Ambergris*, and *Time*
Thy Sacrifice.— About Thee Cards and Dice
Lie ſcatter'd, and a thouſand Vaſſal Beaux
Officiate at thy Worſhip.— Nor mean while
Is Solitude leſs thy peculiar Sphere;
There unattended you vouchſafe to ſhroud
Your Beauties, gentle Potentate; with me
By Vale or Brook to loiter not diſpleas'd:
Hear the Stream's pebbled Roar, and the ſweet Bee
Humming her Fairy-tunes, in Praiſe of Flowers;
——Or clam'rous Rooks, on aged Elm or Oak,
Aloft the cawing Legiſlators ſit,
Debating, in full Senate, Points of State.

My

My Bower, my Walks, my Study all are thine,
For Thee my Yews project their Shade; the Green
Spreads her ſoft Lap, and Waters whiſper Sleep.
Here Thou may'ſt reign ſecure, nor hoſtile Thought,
Nor Argument, nor Logick's dire Array
Make Inroad on thy Kingdom's Peace.— what tho'
Malicious Tongues me harmleſs repreſent,
A Traitor to thy Throne: Or that I hold
Forbidden Correſpondence with the Nine,
Plotting with *Phœbus*, and thy Foes! what tho'
Of Satyre they impeach me, Strain ſevere!
Thou know'ſt my Innocence: 'tis true indeed
I ſometimes ſcribble, but 'tis thou inſpir'ſt:
In Proof accept, O Goddeſs, this my Verſe.

RHAPSODY, to MILTON.

By the ſame.

SOUL of the Muſes! Thou ſupreme of Verſe!
Unſkill'd and Novice in the ſacred Art
May I unblam'd approach thee? May I crave
Thy Bleſſing, Sire harmonious! amply pleas'd
Shou'd'ſt thou vouchſafe to own me for thy Son;
Thy Son, tho' dwindled from the mighty Size,
And Stature; much more from the Parent's Mind.
Content and bleſt enough, if but ſome Line,
If but ſome diſtant Feature, half expreſs'd,
Tell whence I ſpring. — This Privilege deny'd,
Grant me at leaſt thy Converſe now and oft
To ruminate the Beauties infinite,
To trace thy Heav'nly Notions, to enquire
When from above they came, and how convey'd:
If darted on thee by the Sun's bright Ray,
Meridian Fire! Or rather by the Muſe

Nocturnal

Nocturnal wafted to thy favour'd Ear,
How elſe, explain, cou'd human Mind exile
Graſp univerſal Nature, Treaſure huge!
Or even ſay, where could'ſt thou Language find
Able to bear the Burden of thy Thought?
Such Thought, ſuch Language, that all other Verſe
Seems trifling (not excepting *Greece* and *Rome*)
So lofty and ſo ſweet, beyond compare,
Is thine: Whether thy ſounding Pinion match
The Clang of Eagle's Flight: Or thy pois'd Plume,
Dove-like cut ſilently th'unconſcious Sky,
Calm as the Summer's Breath, ſofter than Down.
Witneſs the Scene of *Eden*, Bow'r of Love,
Of Innocence, of Happineſs; o'erlaid
With Fancy's fineſt Texture; ſtrew'd with Flow'rs
Of *Amaranth*; her Rivers *Nectar*; Winds,
To which *Arabia*'s ſpicy Gales are poor.
Witneſs a bolder Page, where coping Gods
In Battle rend the ſtedfaſt Hills, and ſhake
Heav'n's Baſis: lively flaſh the painted Fires,

And the imagin'd Thunder rolls methinks
More terribly, than tearing the vext Air
When troubled Nature ſpeaks. — But why ſelect
A Charm from thouſand? And what need of Praiſe?
Who fondly ſeeks to praiſe thee, does thee wrong,
Impairs thee, greateſt in thyſelf. Thy Hell,
Copied by other Hand whate'er, will loſe
It's Terrors; and thy Paradiſe it's Sweets,
Soil'd by rude Touch. — Enough then to admire,
Silent admire; and be content to feel:
Or, if we follow thy bright Track, advance
With Reverence, and ſhew that not Deſire
To Rival, but Reſemble, is our Aim:
Reſemble thee, tho' in inferior Strain.

For O! great Pattern to ſucceeding Times!
Doſt thou not ſmile indignant, to behold
The tinkling modern fetter'd, yet well pleas'd,
Dance to the tireſome Muſick of his Chains;
While all *Parnaſſus* rings the filly Chime:

And

And *Pegaſus*, that once with ſpurning Heel
Kick'd the dull Ground, Ridiculous and Tame
Can amble with a Monk upon his Back?—
Cou'd *Milton* think, when his high Standard rear'd
Th' Emblazonry of Freedom, none ſhou'd throng
To gaze, and kiſs the Manumizing Staff?
Daſtards in Choice! what, Legiſlator, then
Avail thy Charter, thy Example bright?
As when ſome Hero, to redeem a ſtate
Long harrow'd by Oppreſſion; lifts his Arm,
To cruſh th'imperious Yoke: the many ſcar'd
Stand tremblingly aloof, and love the Mace
That bruiſes 'em: Or, if the Chief return,
From the red Hall with Liberty proclaim'd,
Know not to prize, or keep, the mighty Gem;
The *Romans* on a Time, a Madman kill'd,
Rather than not be lorded, choſe a Fool,
When *Claudius* in a lurking Hole was found
By Band Prætorian. Abject thus our Age
And Slaves, becauſe their Fathers were, to Rhime.—

On

Is it then Cuſtom, (Superſtition's Plea)
Ears poorly tickled with returning Sounds,
Why Jingling Charms? Is it to ſpeed our Courſe!
A Peal of Bells were right, if we were Mules:
The Courſer aſks no Spur. — Ah me! I fear,
And ſee, and feel the Reaſon; Faulters why
The Muſe this Moment, wearied, flags and pants
Deſpairing? Such a Diſtance haſt thou got
From thy firſt ſtart, and left Purſuit behind:
On the Top Brow of Fame, in laurel'd Chair
Seated, and thence look down on Mortal Toil,
That climbing emulous would pace in vain
Thy Footſteps, trackleſs thro' Exceſs of Light.

A VOYAGE

A Voyage to *Tinterne Abbey* in *Monmouthſhire*, from *Whitminſter* in *Gloceſterſhire*.

By the ſame.

FROM where the *Stroud*, ſmooth Stream, ſerenely glides,
We reach the peopled *Severn's* rapid Tides;
Stop, e'er we ſail; and from this Point ſurvey
The Hill-encompaſs'd, Sea-reſembling Bay;
[a]See the ridg'd Tide with ſober Grandeur heave,
And float in Triumph o'er the River-wave.
Lo! where it comes, with what extenſive Sweep,
Like ſome Whale ſidelong rolling on the Deep.
Wide and more wide, it joins the diſtant Hills
By ſwift Degrees, and the great Baſon fills.

We ſail; now ſteadily; now Gulphs inform
The tumbling Waves to imitate a Storm.

[a] This manner of the coming in of the Tide to the River *Severn* is call'd the *Eager* or the *Hyger* of the *Severn*. There is a beautiful Alluſion to it in Biſhop *Sprat's* Hiſtory of the Royal Society.

The

The riſing Shores a thouſand Charms beſtow,
Lawns at their Feet, and Foreſts on their Brow;
The pleaſing Villas, Neighbours to the Flood,
The taper Spire, and the ſurrounding Wood.

Theſe Lines, my *C*——, read, and pity too,
The ſhadowing Pencil to the Scene untrue:
See the bright Image of thy Thought decay'd,
And all it's Beauties in Deſcription fade.

Where to each other the tall Banks incline,
And diſtant Cliffs dividing ſeem to join,
A narrow Frith! our gallant *Argo*'s Way,
A Door that opens to the boundleſs Sea:
What, if ſome Ship with ſtrutting Sails come on,
Her wanton Streamers waving in the Sun!
Juſt, in the midſt, as Fancy would contrive,
See the proud Veſſel o'er the Billows drive.

The *Streight* is paſt; the Surges ſtronger beat,
The Proſpects widen, and the Shores retreat,

Tritons

Tritons, and *Nereids!* how we leave behind
Towns, Palaces, and run with Tide and Wind?
[b] Here, noble *Stafford*, thy unfiniſh'd Dome,
[c] And thence the long-ſtretch'd Race of *Berkley* come.
Till toſſing, and full feaſted, more than tir'd,
We change the wilder Scene for Paths retir'd,
Quit the rough Element, and watry Strife,
As from a publick to a private Life,
Seek a calm Coaſt and up the Channel ride,
Where [d] *Vaga* mingles with [e] *Sabrina*'s Tide.

The Siſter Sreams, from the ſame Hill their Source
Deriving, took, when young, a various Courſe,
And many a City, many a Country ſeen,
High Tow'rs and Walls antique and Meadows Green,
Now glad to meet, nor now to part again,
Go Hand in Hand, and ſlide into the Main.

[b] The Remains of a noble Seat begun by *Stafford* Duke of *Buckingham*.
[c] *Berkeley-caſtle*, the Seat of the Earl of *Berkley*.
[d] The River *Wye*. [e] The River *Severn*.

In

In Spight of Time, and War and Tempeſt great,
Aſcending [f] *Chepſtow* ſhews it's Caſtled Seat,
Beneath ſlope Hills, and by the rolling Flood,
Claſp'd in a Theatre of aged Wood,
With Air Majeſtick, to the Eye ſtands forth,
Towring, and conſcious of it's priſtine Worth;
Lifts its ſublime Decay, in Age's Pride
Erect, and overlooks the climbing Tide.

Paſs but ſome Moments, the returning Sea
Shall thoſe high-ſtranded Veſſels ſweep away;
That airy Bridge, whence we look'd down with Fear,
Will low and level with the Flood appear.

The crooked Bank ſtill winds to ſomething new,
Oars, ſcarcely turn'd, diverſify the View;
Of Trees and Stone an intermingled Scene,
The ſhady Precipice and Rocky Green,
Nature behold, to pleaſe and to ſurprize,
Swell into *Baſtions*, or in *Columns* riſe:

[f] *Chepſtow-caſtle* in *Monmouthſhire*, the Seat of the Duke of *Beaufort*.

Here ſinking Spaces with dark Boughs o'er grown,
And there the naked Quarries look a Town.
At length our Pilgrimage's Home appears,
Tinterne her venerable Fabrick rears,
While the Sun, mildly glancing in decline,
With his laſt gilding beautifies the Shrine:
Enter with Reverence her hallow'd Gate,
And trace the glorious Relicks of her State;
The meeting Arches, Pillar'd Walks admire,
Or muſing hearken to the ſilenc'd Choir.
Encircling Groves diffuſe a ſolemn Grace,
And dimly fill th' Hiſtoric Window's Place;
While pitying Shrubs on the bare Summit try
To give the roofleſs Pile a Canopy.

Here, O my Friends, along the moſſy Dome
In pleaſurable Sadneſs let me roam:
Look back upon the World in Haven ſafe,
Weep o'er it's Ruins, at it's Follies laugh.

Imi-

Horat. Lib. I. Epiſt. X.

URBIS amatorem Fuſcum ſalvere jubemus
Ruris amatores; hac in re ſcilicet unâ
Multum diſſimiles, ad cætera pænè gemelli:
Fraternis animis quicquid negat alter, & alter:
Annuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum ſervas, ego laudo ruris amæni
Rivos, & muſco circumlita ſaxa, nemuſque.
Quid quæris? vivo & regno, ſimul iſta reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore ſecundo.

Utque

To *J. W.*

Imitation of *Horace.*

Book I. Epiſt. X.

By the ſame.

D——, of rural Scenes a Lover grown,
Salutes his Friend a Lover of the Town.
Ecexpt the Variance this and Fatneſs make,
Who think we diſagree, perhaps miſtake;
(The Difference much the ſame, as is between
The Egg a Swan produces, and a Hen:)
Debating, ſcribling, ſauntring, ſitting ſtill,
Studious of Eaſe, and Brothers of the Quill.

London your Choice, I know it; but approve
The moſſy Seat, the River and the Grove:
If you ſhou'd aſk how I employ my Hour;
Better than thoſe in Place, or e'en in Pow'r,

Utque ſacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuſo:
Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ ſi convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda eſt area primùm,
Noviſtine locum potiorem rure beato?
Eſt ubi plus tepeant hyemes? ubi gratior aura,
Leniat & rabiem canis, & momenta leonis,
Quum ſemel accepit ſolem furibundus acutum?
Eſt ubi divellat ſomnos minus invida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?

Purior

Not plagu'd with Patrons, nor a Slave to Pelf,
Lord of my Time, and Maſter of Myſelf.
What have your noiſy Streets like this to give?
Or what like this, Sir *Robert* to receive?

C——, diſgrac'd in *Ariconian* Vales,
Likes, I am told, the Neighbourhood of *Wales*,
Sick of Parade, Attendance, and Reſort,
Flies, and exhales the Surfeit of a Court.

A Ground-plot wanting for ſome neat Deſign.
Conſult the Oracle at Nature's Shrine,
" Build in the Country, ſays the Voice Divine".

Is there, where Winters purer Joys inſpire,
Morn's wholeſome Froſt, and Even's ſmokeleſs Fire?
Is there, where Summer's more refreſhing Gales,
Fan the ſcorch'd Hills, and chear the drooping Dales?
Where Diſcontent a rarer Gueſt is ſeen,
And Slumbers fall untainted by the Spleen.

Purior in vicis aquâ tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quàm quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur ſylva columnas,
Laudatúrque domus longos quæ proſpicit agros.
Naturam expellas furca, tamen uſque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim faſtidia victrix.

Non

What is that Marble Portal to this Bow'r,
Array'd in Green, or pearl'd by ev'ry Show'r?
Or what the Stream, that Pipes and Conduits yield
To the bright Rill, that trickles thro' my Field?

Know then, ye own your Wants; for it is clear
In Town ye humbly mimick what is here.
Look at St. *James* or on *Lincoln* Square,
Behold our Walks, our Trees, and our Parterre.
Why *Buckingham*'s gay Ville ſo pleaſant ſtands?
Becauſe a length of Country it commands.

Nature in ſpight of Violence and Removes,
Returns elaſtic to the Point ſhe loves;
Spight of Diſtortions, ſhe appears the ſame,
And from the Bend recovers, like the Palm.

Not ſhe, whoſe want of Taſt, or want of Care,
Buys the reſembling Delft for China-Ware:

Non qui Sidonio contendere callidus oſtro
Neſcit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,
Certius accipiet damnum, propiúſve medullis,
Quam qui non poterit vero diſtinguere falſum.
Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. ſiquid mirabere, pones
Invitus. fuge magna: licet ſub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
Pellebat: donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis frænumque recepit:
Sed poſtquam victor violens deceſſit ab hoſte,
Non equitem dorſo, non frænum depulit ore.

Not they who to a City-Vault reſort,
Inſtead of Claret, Purchaſers of Port,
Are not howe'er ſo much deceiv'd, as who
Miſtake unreal Bleſſings for the true.
Who launch too far in Fortune's peaceful Lake,
The Tempeſt of Adverſity will ſhake.
Hard 'tis to part with what allures the Eyes
And the Hand pauſes e'er it drops the Prize.

Fly then betimes from Levees, Balls and Rings,
To the ſtill Shade where Peace eternal ſprings
Deſpiſe with me the Great, and pity Kings.

Britons, impatient of the *Saxon* reign,
Call'd in, ſuppoſe, their good Ally the *Dane*.
Their good Ally to Conqueſt led the Way,
But took the whole Dominion for his Pay,
The Stranger wanton in his new Abode,
Soon on the Neck of Vaſſal Nobles trod,
And lifted high the Hand, and exercis'd the Rod.

Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternum: quia parvo nesciat uti.
Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.
Lætus sorte tua vives sapienter, Aristi:
Nec me demittes incastigatum, ubi plura,
Cogere quàm satis est, ac non cessare videbor.

Thus, if my Friend ſhould for Preferment trade,
And ſell his Liberty, of Want afraid;
The meagre Monſter is no more, I own,
But a more Lordly Tyrant mounts the Throne;
And who a Treaſure by Dependance gains,
I wiſh him well, and long to wear his Chains.

'Tis known that Shoes (and why not an Eſtate?)
Pinch or ſupplant, too little or too great.

Be wiſe, and be content, tho' ſhort of Wealth,
With the rich Gifts of Competence and Health:
Don't trifle with the Happineſs they bring,
For virtuous Freedom is a Sacred Thing.
And when you ſee me break the Rule laid down,
When you behold me fawning in the Town;
Give Indignation an uncheck'd Career,
Don't ſpare thy Satire, prithee be ſevere.

On *J. W.* ranging Pamphlets.

By the ſame.

WHAT ken mine Eyes, enchanted? Man of Eaſe,
In Elbow Chair, and under Brow of Thought
Intenſe, on ſome great Matter fixt, no doubt;
What mean the *Myrmidons* on either Hand
In Paper-Coats, and orderly Array,
Spread far and wide, on Table, Deſk, and Stool,
Variety of Troops, White, Purple, Pied,
And Grey, and Blue's Battallion trim; and who
In marbled Regimentals, ſome in Veſt
Gay edg'd with Gold; of various Garb, and Tongue,
And Clime; extended o'er the wooden Plain.

Not Force more numerous from her teeming Loins
Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube*'s Bank
Croats and *Pandours:* Nor the ſwarming War
Of *Turk*, and *Nadir*, nodding oppoſite

With

With particolour'd Turbans. Sing, O Muſe,
Their marſhal'd Numbers, and Puiſſance. Firſt,
With Sable Shield, and Arms opaque, advance
Divinity Polemic, ſober Rage.
Yet deadly! (and can Rage in Minds Divine
Inhabit!) Councils, Synods, Cloyſters, Schools,
Cowl beats off Cowl, and Mitre Mitre knocks.
Preſbyt'ry here with wither'd Face aſkew.
Vengeance demure? and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos, in Lawn ſprinkled with Blood.

Not far behind with her divided Troops
Comes Policy, with Democratic Shouts
On one Hand, on the other loud acclaim
For Pow'r Hereditary, and Right Divine:
I ſee the various Portraiture diſplay'd,
Brutus and *Nimrod*, Libertines, and Slaves,
And Crowns, and [a] Breeches flutter in the Air.

[a] Alluding to the Arms impreſs'd on the Money of the Commonwealth of *England*.

Who

Who next with aſpect Sage and Parchment wav'd
Voluminous come on? I know their Beards
Hiſtoric, ſee the ſtyle acute, with which
They fight old Time, maugre his deſp'rate Scythe,
And as he cleaves the Pyramid, apply
Their puny Prop. Hence Annals, and *Deſoes*,
And Memoirs, doubtful Truth, and certain Lies,
And Tales, and all the Magazines of War.

What Muſe, O Poetry, can paſs unſung
Thy flowing Banners, and gay Tent, adorn'd
With Airy Trophies? or would leave thy Name
Uncatalogu'd, were it but *Nereus*-like
To beautify the Liſt. Not that thou want'ſt
Th'offenſive Dart, 'till *Satire*'s Quiver fails.

All theſe, and more came flocking; — but await
The dread Commander's Voice, and dare no more
Start from their Place, than did the *Theban* Stone,
E'er yet *Amphion* ſung. — From ſide to ſide

The ſedentary Chief, in ſtudious Mood,
And deep Revolve, darts his experienc'd Eye.
Forth from his Preſence hies his Aid-de-Camp,
A ſturdy *Cambro-Briton*, to ſurvey
The Poſture of the Field; from Rank to Rank
Poſting ſuccinct he gives the Word, which Way
The Squadrons to advance, where wheel their Conrſe.
" Vanguard to Right and Left." Forthwith the Bands,
As at the Sound of Trump, obedient move
In perfect Phalanx. Each their Station knows
And Quarters, as the General's Will ordains.

Firſt to its Place ſpontaneous Verſe repairs,
Knowing the Call, and practis'd to obey
His Summons. Peaceful Controverſy ſheaths
Her Claws, contracted to make Room for *Scot*
And *Tom. Aquinas*, ſlumb'ring Side by Side;
And *Bellarmine*, and *Luther*, heard no more
Than *Delphi*'s Shrine, or *Memnon's* Statue dumb.
All, all, in order due and Silence, look

A modern Convocation. Hiſt'ry lies
By Hiſt'ry, — *Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree.

Which when the Marſhal, from his eaſy Chair
Of Callimanco, ſaw; knit his calm Brows
Thoughtful, and thus th'aſſembled Leaves beſpoke.

Ye Hierarchies, and Commonweals, and Thrones,
Folios, Octavos, and ye Minor Pow'rs
Of Paper, e'er to Winter-Quarters ſent,
Hear me, ye liſt'ning Books. Firſt I direct
Submiſſion to your Lord and Faith entire.
Did I not liſt you, and enroll your Names
On Parchment? See the Volume; look at me,
Did I not mark you (as the *Pruſſian* late
His Subjects) Badge of Service when requir'd?
'Tis well, — and let me next, ye flimſy Peers,
Love Brother-like and Union recommend:
Live peaceful, as by me together tied
In Bands of ſtricteſt Amity: ſhou'd then
Your Maſter lend you to ſome Neighb'ring State

Auxiliaries; remember ye preſerve
Your firſt Allegiance pure, and chearful Home
Return, when ſummon'd by your natural Prince.
Be humble nor repine, tho' ſmear'd with Ink
And Duſt inglorious; know your Birth and End,
For Rags ye were, and muſt to Rags return.

To the Hon. and Rev. Frederic Cornwallis now Bp. of Lichfeld & Co:

By the ſame.

IN Frolick's Hour, e'er ſerious Thought had birth,
There was a Time, my dear C——s, when
The Muſe wou'd take me on her Airy Wing
And waft to Views Romantic, there preſent
Some motley Viſion, Shade and Sun; the Cliff
O'er hanging, ſparkling Brooks, and Ruins gray:
Bad me *Mæanders* Trace and catch the Form
Of varying Clouds, and Rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, bruſhing by, wou'd twitch
My Spirits, and with winning look ſublime
Allure to follow. What tho' Steep the Track!
Her Mountain's Top would overpay when climb'd,
The Scaler's Toil, her Temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the Proſpects. She cou'd tell,
Where Lawrels grew, whence many a Wreath Antique;

But

But more adviſ'd to ſhun the barren Twig,
(What is immortal Verdure without Fruit?)
And woo ſome thriving Art; Her numerous Mines
Were open to the Searcher's Skill and Pains.

Caught by th' Harangue, Heart beat, and flutt'ring Pulſe
Sounded irregular Marches to be gone; —
What, pauſe a Moment, when Ambition calls?
No, the Blood gallops to the diſtant Goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame ſit ſtill
When Fortune gentle, at the Hills Verge extreme,
Array'd in decent Garb, but ſomewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd, and what Occaſion, aſk'd,
Of Climbing? She already provident
Had cater'd well, if Stomach cou'd digeſt
Her Viands, and a Palate not too nice.
Unfit, ſhe ſaid, for perilous Attempt,
That manly Limb requir'd, and Sinews tough.

She took, and laid me in a Vale remote,
Amid the gloomy Scene of Fir and Yew,
On Poppy Ground, where *Morpheus* ſtrew'd the Bed:
Obſcurity her Curtain round me drew,
And Siren *Sloth* a dull *Quietus* ſung.

Sithence no Fairy Sights, no quick'ning Ray,
Nor ſtir of Pulſe, nor Objects to entice
Abroad the Spirits; but the Cloyſter'd Heart
Sits ſquat at Home, like *Pagod* in a Nitch
Demure; or Grandees, with Nod-watching Eye,
And folded Arms, in preſence of the Throne,
Turk or *Indoſtan*.— Cities, Forums, Courts,
And prating *Sanhedrims*, and drumming Wars,
Affect no more than Stories told to Bed
Lethargic, which at Intervals the Sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Inſtead of Converſe and Variety,
The ſame trite Round, the ſame ſtale ſilent Scene;
Such are thy Comforts, *bleſſed Solitude*.

But Innocence is there, but Peace all-kind,
And ſimple Quiet with her downy Couch,
Meads lowing, Tune of Birds, and Lapſe of Streams,
And ſaunter with a Book and warbling Muſe
In Praiſe of Hawthorns. — Life's whole Buſineſs this?
Is it to baſk i' th' Sun? if ſo, a Snail
Were happy crawling on a Southern Wall.

Why ſits *Content* upon a Cottage-ſill
At Even-tide, and bleſſes the coarſe Meal
In ſooty Corner? Why ſweet Slumbers wait
Th'hard Pallet? Not, becauſe from Haunt remote,
Sequeſter'd in a Dingle's buſhy Lap:
'Tis Labour makes the Peaſant's ſav'ry Fare,
And works out his Repoſe. For *Eaſe* muſt aſk
The Leave of Diligence to be enjoy'd.

O! liſten not to that Enchantreſs Eaſe
With ſeeming Smile, her palatable Cup
y ſtanding grows inſipid, and beware

The Bottom, for there's Poiſon in the Lees.
What Health impair'd, and Crouds inactive maim'd?
What daily Martyrs to her ſluggiſh Cauſe?
Leſs ſtrict Devoir the *Ruſs* and *Perſian* Claim
Deſpotick; and as Subjects, long inur'd
To ſervile Burden, grow ſupine and tame;—
So fares it with our Sovereign and her Train.

What tho' with Lure fallacious ſhe pretend
From worldly Bondage to ſet free? What gain
Her Votaries? What avails from Iron Chains
Exempt, if Roſy Fetters bind as faſt?

Beſtir, and anſwer your Creation's End.
Think we that Man with Vig'rous Pow'r endow'd,
And room to ſtretch, was deſtin'd to ſit ſtill?
Sluggards are Nature's Rebels, ſlight her Laws,
Nor live up to the Terms on which they hold
Their vital Leaſe. Laborious Terms and hard,
But ſuch the Tenure of our Earthly State.

Riches and Fame are Induſtry's Reward,
The nimble Runner courſes Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for ſhe feeds the Bold.

Think what you owe your Country, what yourſelf.
If Splendor charm not, yet avoid the Scorn
That treads on lowly Stations. Think of ſome
Aſſiduous Booby mounting o'er your Head,
And thence with ſaucy Grandeur looking down.
Think of (Reflection's Stab!) the pitying Friend,
With Shoulder ſhrug'd, and ſorry. Think that Time
Has golden Minutes, if diſcreetly ſeiz'd:
And if ſome ſad Example indolent
To warn and ſcare be wanting,—Think of me.

At ſeeing [a] Archbiſhop WILLIAMS's Monument in *Carnarvonſhire*.

By the ſame.

IN that remote and ſolitary Place,
Which the Seas waſh, and circling Hills embrace,
Where thoſe lone Walls amid the Groves ariſe,
All that remains of thee, fam'd *Williams*, lies.
Thither, ſequeſter'd Shade, Creation's Nook,
The wand'ring Muſe her penſive Journey took,
Curious to trace the Stateſman to his Home,
And moralize at Leiſure o'er his Tomb:
She came not, with the Pilgrim, Tears to ſhed,
Mutter a Vow, or trifle with a Bead,
But ſuch a Sadneſs did her Thoughts employ,
As lives within the Neighbourhood of Joy.
Reflecting much upon the mighty Shade,
His Glories, and his Miſeries, ſhe ſaid:

[a] *John Williams* was conſecrated Biſhop of *Lincoln November* 11. 1621. was tranſlated to *York December* 4. 1641. and died *March* 25. 1649. and was buried at *Landegay* near *Bangor*.

How

" How poor the Lot of the once honour'd Dead!
Perhaps the Duſt is *Williams'*, that we tread.
The learn'd, ambitious, politick, and great,
Stateſman, and Prelate, this alas! thy Fate.
Cou'd not thy *Lincoln* yield her Paſtor room,
Cou'd not thy *York* ſupply thee with a Tomb?
Was it for this thy lofty Genius ſoar'd,
Careſs'd by Monarchs and by Crouds ador'd?
For this, thy Hand o'er Rivals cou'd prevail,
Graſping by Turns the Croſier and the [b] Seal?
Who dar'd on *Laud's* meridian Pow'r to frown,
And on aſpiring *Buckingham* look down.
This thy gay Morn, — but e'er the Day decline
Clouds gather, and Adverſity is thine:
Doom'd to behold thy Country's fierce Alarms,
What had thy trembling Age to do with Arms?
Thy Lands dragoon'd, thy Palaces in Duſt,
Why was thy Life protracted to be curſt?
Thy King in Chains, — thyſelf by lawleſs Might
Strip't of all Pow'r, and exil'd from thy Right.

[b] He was made Lord Keeper of the great Seal *July* 20. 1621.

A while the venerable Hero ſtood,
And ſtemm'd with quiv'ring Limbs the boiſt'rous Flood;
At length, o'er-match'd by Injuries and Time,
Stole from the World, and ſought his native Clime.

Cambria for him with Moans her Region fills;
She wept his Downfal from a thouſand Hills:
Tender embrac'd her Prelate tho' undone,
Stretch'd out the Mother Rocks to hide her Son:
Search'd, while alive, each Vale for his Repaſt,
And, when he died, receiv'd him in her Breaſt.
Envied Ambition! What are all thy Schemes,
But waking Miſery, or pleaſing Dreams,
Sliding and tottering on the Heights of State!
The Subject of this Verſe declares thy Fate.
Great as he was, you ſee how ſmall the Gain,
A Burial ſo obſcure, a Muſe ſo mean.

A SONG

A Song of Deborah.

From the Book of Judges, Chap. v.

By the ſame.

GLORY to God th' Avenger! Pow'r ſupreme!
Who breath'd his Soul into the jarring Tribes,
Uniting Diſcord. All ye Nations hear,
Ye Principalities, ye Thrones, attend
While to *Jehovah's* Name I lift my Song.

Lord, when deſcending Thou from *Seir's* Top
Didſt dreadfully go forth, with Pomp and Strength
Marching o'er *Edom's* Plain, the ſhrinking Earth
Shiver'd with Fear, the conſcious Heav'ns alarm'd
Bow'd low, and Tears fell copious from the Clouds.
'Twas then the ſolid Rocks, like melting Snow
Thaw'd at Thy Look; before Thee dropt the Hills
Cow'ring; and *Sinai's* ſelf by Thy bright Arm
Aw'd, in a ſable Mantle wrapt his Head.

E'er

E'er yet brave *Shamgar* with his conqu'ring Goad
Had thinn'd *Philiſtia's* State; e'er *Jael* yet,
The Saviour Woman, ſmote her mighty Foe;
My *Iſrael* be thou thankful! Where was then
Thy Safety? tell me, fearleſs coud'ſt thou roam?
Thy Highways unfrequented, ſave by Thieves,
Were left: no wary Traveller wou'd riſque
The Ruffian's public Haunt; but turn aſide
To ſhaded Allies, truſt th' entangled Path
Of Thicket, climb the Mountain's craggy Side.
The pleaſing Villages, the Flocks, the Herds,
To plunder were abandon'd, while the Swains
To the next City, panting and diſmay'd,
Huddled in Swarms. Dire Havock! 'Till myſelf,
I *Deborah* aroſe, Parent aroſe
To *Iſrael*. Fooliſh *Iſrael* left the *Lord*
For new Divinities and ſtranger Gods.
Then the fierce Din of War beſieg'd your Gates;

Among

Among twice twenty Thouſand, helpleſs Crew
Had one a Shield to guard, or Spear to lance?
How my Heart throbb'd with Gratitude, to ſee
The forward Rulers, in the gen'rous Strife
Heading their Tribes! On them be Bleſſings ſhow'r'd,
But ever and inceſſant bleſs the *Lord*.
Speak ye, who ride on Aſſes, Silver-white,
With gorgeous Trappings; Ye, who Judges ſit
In the bench'd *Sanhedrim* or crouded Gate,
For theſe his Mercies ever ſpeak his Praiſe.
Ye Travellers, in Deſerts now ſecure,
Ye Shepherds, piping by the River Side,
And ye, blithe Herdſmen, in his Praiſes join.
Where's now the Archer with his galling Bow,
The ſudden Skirmiſh, or cloſe Ambuſh, where
The Cattle ſlak'd their Thirſt! go to, ye Swains
Go to thoſe Waters; there with Reverence due
Tell forth his Acts, and there record his Praiſe.
Awake, O *Deborah*, awake, awake,
Break forth in Harmony divine, give Speech

To Rapture; and thou *Barak*, riſe and lead
Captivity thy Slave, *Abinoam*'s Son.
A ſcanty Remnant (ſo God's Will ordains)
O'er proſtrate Nobles ſhall bear Sway; and I,
A feeble Woman, o'er the mighty Reign.

Next to thy Tribe, O *Benjamin*, in Arms,
Came *Ephraim* (from Mount *Amaleck* he came,
There marſhal'd;) nor was *Machir* long behind
In pouring forth his Princes: Nor detain'd
Ingenious *Zebulun* his letter'd Sons,
Who drop't the ſtudious Pen, and graſp'd the Sword.
Nor leſs did *Iſſachar*, while *Barac* led
By Providence, deſcended to the Vale,
Of Chiefs and Soldiers yield a numerous Hoſt.
But *Reuben*, much of thee thy Friends complain,
Inquiſitively ſad to know the Cauſe,
Why, mid the Trumpet's Sound you liſt'ning choſe
The lazy Bleatings of your Fleecy Care.

Gilead

Gilead too came not; *Jordan* his Excuſe
Flowing between. — Why then did ſelfiſh *Dan*
Cling to his Ships? And bartering *Aſher* lov'd
His Ports and Sails, more than the bleſt Campaign?
But *Zebulun* and *Napthali* be prais'd,
Careleſs of Life, and foremoſt in the Field.
In Battle oppoſite, encountring warr'd
The Lords of *Canaan*, by *Megiddo's* Flood,
Conqueſt their Expectation, Blows their Spoil.
Not ſo our Hoſt; Aſſiſtant Angels came,
Confederate Heav'n was liſted; and the Stars
Fought in their Courſe, 'gainſt *Siſera* they fought.
Kiſhon, that ancient Stream, *Kiſhon* renown'd
In Story, rolling to our Aid, involv'd
Full many a hoſtile Warrior, and away?
Swept whirling — O! what Might was vanquiſh'd then,
My Soul, thou glorious Leader of the Day?
The prancing Steeds yet rattle in our Ears,
As they o'er pointed Rocks in War, in Flight
Madded; the Blood guſh'd from their mangled Heels.

O curſe

O curſe ye *Meroz*, (God applauds the Curſe,
Commanding by his Angel) curſe again
In Bitterneſs, and often; for that he
Coward and Traitor, arm'd not for the Lord
And *Iſrael*, tho' within the reach of Shouts.
But ever among Women and above,
Be celebrated *Jael*, *Heber's* Wife;
Thrice famous *Jael!* O my Friends ne'er paſs
Her Tent unſung, the Noble Scene of Death.
Water he crav'd; ſhe brought the fatteſt Cream,
Copious and brimming in a lordly Diſh.
She went, ſhe came: In her right Hand ſhe took
The Workman's Hammer, in her Left the Nail,
Then to his Forehead dauntleſs ſhe applied
The fatal Iron, and the Temples pierc'd
Of *Siſera*: He ſtunn'd eſſay'd to riſe,
The Woman-chief aſtride him, but he bow'd,
He fell; there, where he bow'd, he ſunk down dead.

Mean

Mean time the Mother of the Warrior ſlain
Sat waiting her Victorious Son; and oft
Liſten'd impatient, to the Windows oft
Ran in Surprize. " Why comes he not? She cried,
Bleſs me! What means the Gen'ral, not return'd?
Why creeps his Car, why loiter thus his Wheels?
—Her reas'ning Ladies would have ſaid,— but ſhe
Too quick for Anſwer, ſave her own, replied.

" Conquer'd they have; methinks I hear their Shouts
The glorious Spoil dividing; to each Man
Well pleas'd a blooming Damſel; but to him,
To *Siſera*, the choiceſt of the Prey,
Garments of niceſt Art, the Needle's Brag,
The Mantle all embroider'd (on both Sides,
Ladies, embroider'd) and in various Hue
Rival to Heav'n's gay Bow; ſuch as befits
A General, a Conqueror, and my Son.

Almighty

Almighty *Lord* ſupreme! may all thy Foes,
Thy vaunting Foes thus periſh, thus laid low
Their Pride, their Splendor thus eclips'd :— But O!
May *Iſrael*, thy own People, Gracious God,
Thy Worſhippers, ſtill flouriſh, ſtill advance,
Glorious and laſting: Like the mighty Sun,
When from Heav'n's Eaſt-gate, Giant-like, he ſtrides,
Marching ſublime to his meridian Throne.

The

The NATIVITY.

By the ſame.

'TWAS when the cruel *Idumæan* reign'd,
His Childrens' Butcher, and *Judæa*'s Scourge
Severe! Fit Head, and worthy to command
That wry-neck'd People with an Iron-Rod.
Nathleſs, in feſtal Pomp, *Salem* ſerene
Rejoic'd, and to her Temple's lofty Gate
With ſmother'd Curſes climb'd; yet well at Eaſe,
And reck'd not, tho' with foreſt Bondage gall'd,
'Long as the broad *Phylactery* remain'd,
The Market-greetings, and the Chairs of Pride:—
Save who, attentive to Prophetic Song,
Explor'd the ſacred Rolls, myſtical Leaves
And Days and Years computing, found the Time
Big with foretold Events, and ripe for Birth.
The World, not only *Judah*, but the World
That Time ſtood gazing; for the Fame was rife,

And widely ſcatter'd, that a mighty Prince
Should riſe, and rule the Univerſe. But moſt
The Sons of *Solyma* with eager haſte
Open'd their ſpacious Portals to let in
The great *Meſſiah*; or on *Zion*'s Top
Expectant, when the *Saviour* ſhou'd deſcend,
In his *Ætherial* Equipage, all arm'd
With Angels and with Thunder; when arrive
And his triumphal Entry glorious make,
On Plumes of *Seraphim*, in fiery Car.
Fond! to believe his Preſence ſhou'd avail
Their Spleen and *Hebrew* Gall; with angry Bolt
Smiting the blaſted Foe.— He gracious came
With Balm upon his healing Wings; he came
Not to deſtroy, but lift the World to Heav'n.
Yes he was born, and (in a Stable laid,
A Manger) from his Cradle lectur'd Pride,
And left inferior Royalty to bluſh
In Purple. Were Gold of intrinſick Worth,
Or Gems; think we, Creation had denied

Her

Her Author theſe? cou'd thankleſs Nature grudge
The Giver his own Gifts? She at a Nod
Had pour'd her inmoſt Treaſure up to Day,
Had roll'd her Pearl and Coral all aſhore,
To deck her Infant King.— Nor Tokens none
Of Grandeur: Hymning Angels ſung the Tale,
In Heav'nly Chorus, over *Bethlem*'s Field:
Sung it to lowly Shepherds, as they lay
Tending their fleecy Charge: They liſten'd glad,
And from their Hovels drank immortal Strains.

Why, in the Firmament, that beaming Star
New-kindled? Aſk the Magi; from beyond
Euphrates, croſs *Arabian* Sand and Rocks
They came, directed by the Meteor-guide:
Which hov'ring o'er the Straw-roof'd Palace ſpoke
Their Journey's End, with Ray down-pointed. See
The ſwarthy Worthies ope their precious Caſks,
And open'd, on the bended Knee preſent

Oblation rich, Gold, Myrrh, and Frankincenſe;
Hailing the King, the Prophet, and the God.

The Virgin Mother penſive, as in doubt
What theſe *Portents* might mean, and whither lead,
With Tenderneſs extreme, and mingled Awe,
Hung o'er the Child enamour'd. Much of *Seers*
Antique, and Angel-Talk revolving, ſhe
With Care and Wonder rock'd the holy Babe.

To the SPRING.

By the ſame.

Faireſt Quarter of the Year,
Abſent long — O re-appear.
Ruthleſs Stranger to our Iſle,
Where haſt been this tedious while?
Brooding o'er the Southern Main,
Nurſing Oranges in *Spain*?
Or if in *Italian* Air,
The Citron Bloſſom was thy Care,
Thrice the Sun has annual whirl'd
His Car flaming round the World,
And you never ventur'd forth,
Dainty Lady, ſo far North.

Saw you not the *Britiſh* Swain
Wiſhful, beck'ning you in vain?
Nor had Ears to his ſad Lay,
Chiding your unkind Delay?

But your ſober Plea produce,
We admit the Juſt Excuſe:
Wither'd Hag, deform'd and black,
Sullen Winter kept you back,
Ling'ring long her froſty Rear; —
And by then we hop'd you near;
Summer with her tawny Face,
Had got Poſſeſſion of the Place.

Thus between two neighb'ring Powers,
Some fair Province lifts her Towers;
Some *Sileſia* tempting lies,
To either Borderer a Prize,

Joſtled no more 'twixt Cold and Heat,
Now regain thy ancient Seat,
Nor thy Siſter Seaſons rude
On thy Right again intrude,
But ever flouriſh blith and free
Reſtor'd to thy gay *Tetrarchy*.

How

How did Nature ſad, forlorn,
Naked in thy Abſence mourn?
The wrinkled Earth of Moiſture dried,
With Froſt and Sun alternate fried,
The tainted Graſs forgot to ſhoot,
The Trees were ignorant of Fruit,
And *Ceres* ſhew'd us here and there
A ſtragling Solitary Ear.

Bleſs us! knew you what we felt,
You are gentle and wou'd melt.
Come abroad, o'er Hill and Vale
Floating in a ſhow'ry Gale,
Till thirſty Nature has her Fill,
In big round precious Drops diſtill.
With encreaſing Lamp of Day
Come and ſmile the Storms away,
Genial Pow'r! Creating Queen!
Touch the Foreſt into Green:

Come at length and ſpread around
Thy broider'd Mantle o'er the Ground,
Come, and ever re-appear,
Faireſt Quarter of the Year.

To

To the Queen of HUNGARY 1741.

By the ſame.

'TIS not thy Fault that *Europe* is undone,
Retire, and calm enjoy thy ſetting Sun,
While yet thy conſcious Dignity remains,
Nor baſe Compliance wears the *Gallic* Chains.
Aſſume the Glories of the fallen Brave,
Nor think that loſt, which Virtue cou'd not ſave.
Know there's a Triumph in well-earn'd Diſtreſs,
'Tis thine; —let others quake at their Succeſs.
E'en leave the Field, and blaſt them with the reſt,
The princely Dupes of half thy Realms poſſeſt,
Leave them, O! leave them to the curſt Event,
To reign and ſigh, to conquer and repent.
See *Fleury* with one Hand preſents the Crown;
T'other conceals the Scourge within his Gown.

Thus *France* rewards her gay confed'rate Slaves;
The *Pruſſian* Boy ſhall have the Rod he craves:

And

And *Poland* on his Sons, if he prevail,
Deſcending Crowns and Servitude entail.
Who would not truſt ſuch venerable Things,
As hoary Prelates, and Moſt *Chriſtian* King?
A violated Faith unheard and new is,
In Succeſſors of *Mazarine* and *Lewis!*

But ſee the Eagle to *Bavaria* flown:
Happy the Man who mounts the *Roman* Throne;
Happy to flutter in Imperial Plumes,
With length of Titles, and with Sound of Drums;
Eas'd of all Pow'r; which *Gallia* will ſupply
For her good Couſin, Brother, and Ally.—

From thy Allies what mighty Aids enſue,
(To Thee not faithleſs, to Themſelves if true)
All that let ſober Hiſtory declare,
To make each future Generation ſtare.

Retire

Retire thou peaceful to *Etruria's* Seat,
In Soul, ſuperior to all Sceptres, great.
Here ſhall kind *Neptune* fence thy watry Bound,
There Nature ſtretch her Guardian Hills around;
No more thy Towns be ſtorm'd, thy Armies bleed,
But nobler Arts to Diadems ſucceed.
Think there thy Joys begin, thy Labour ends,
Secure from Foes, Relations, *Turks*, and Friends.

By

To *C. P.* Eſq.

By the ſame.

FROM Friendſhip's Cradle, up the verdant Paths
Of Youth, Life's jolly Spring; and now ſublim'd
To it's full Manhood, and Meridian Strength,
Her lateſt Stage, (for Friendſhip ever hail
Knows not old Age, Diſeaſes, and Decay,
But burning keeps her ſacred Fire, till Death's
Cold Hand extinguiſh.) At this Spot, this Point,
Here, *P—t*, we ſocial meet; and gaze about,
And look back to the Scenes, our Paſtime trod
In Nature's Morning; when the gameſome Hours
Had ſliding Feet, and laugh'd themſelves away.
Luxurious Seaſon! Vital Prime! where *Thames*
Flows by *Etona*'s Walls, and chearful ſees
Her Sons wide-ſwarming; and where ſedgie *Cam*
Baths with ſlow Pace his Academic Grove,

Pierian Walks! — O never hope again,
Impoſſible! Untenable! to graſp
Thoſe Joys, again; to feel alike the Pulſe
Dancing, and fiery Spirits boiling high:
Or ſee the *Pleaſure* that with careleſs Wing
Swept on, and flow'ry Garlands toſs'd around
Diſporting! Try to call her back: — as wiſe
Bid Yeſterday return, arreſt the Flight
Of Time; or muſing by a River's Brink
Say to the wave that huddles ſwiftly by
For ever, " from thy Fountain roll anew.

The Merriment, the Tale, and Heart-felt Laugh,
That eccho'd round the Table, idle Gueſts,
Muſt riſe and ſerious Inmates take their Place:
Reflection's Daughters ſad, and World-born Thoughts
Diſlodging Fancy's Empire.— Yet who knows
Exact the Ballance of our Loſs and Gain?
Who knows how far a Rattle may outweigh
The Mace or Sceptre? But as Boys reſign

The Plaything --- Baubles of their Infancy;
So fares it with maturer Years: They ſage
Imagination's airy Regions quit,
And under Reaſon's Banner take the Field;
With Reſolution Face the cloud or Storm,
While all their former Rainbows die away.

Some to the Palace with regardful Step,
And courtly Blandiſhment reſort; and there
Advance Obſequious; in the Sun-ſhine Baſk
Of princely Grace, catch the creating Eye,
Parent of Honours.--- In the Senate, ſome
Harangue the full-bench'd Auditory, and wield
Their liſt'ning Paſſions, (ſuch the Pow'r the Sway
Of Reaſon's Eloquence!) --- Or at the Bar,
Where *Cowper*, *Talbot*, *Sommers*, *York* before
Pleaded their Way to Glory's Chair ſupreme,
And worthy fill'd it. Let not theſe great Names
Damp, but incite: Nor *M*——*s* Praiſe obſcure
Thy younger Merit. Know theſe Lights, e'er yet

To

To Noon Day Luſtre kindled, had their Dawn.
Proceed familiar to the Gate of Fame,
Nor think the Taſk ſevere, the Prize too high,
Of Toil and Honour for your *Father's* Son.

A Night Thought.

By the ſame.

MORTAL, whoe'er Thou art, beware,---ſince Time
To the Thatch'd Hovel, to the Trophied Arch
Levels alike his undiſcerning Scythe;
And *Death*, wide-ſweeping, no Diſtinction owes
To the crown'd Villain. All alike in Hell.
Caligula and *Chartres*, ſeated both
On burning Couches in the fiery Hall.

Whence is that milder Blaze, of *Æther* pure,
As op'ning Clouds a Scenary Divine
Unfold? Where brighteſt in her Robe of Sky
Sits *Virtue* under Shade of Palm; with look
Serene, but ſtern: *Herculean* Strength behind
Waiting, and trampled Worlds beneath her Feet.
Neareſt her Throne, Aſſociates ever dear,
(Not ſullen *Cato*, not th' unfriendly Stroke
Of *Brutus*, much leſs *Cæſar's* lawrel'd Pride)

Epa-

Epaminondas ſmiling at his Blood,
For his dear *Thebans* as it ſtreaming ran,
Warrior benign: Here *Antonine* the Juſt,
The Wiſe, the Humble, with his Sceptre low
In Homage to the Queen: And *Nerva* there,
Humanity Imperial! pleas'd in Death,
An Heir adopting, who ſhall bleſs Mankind.
All the choice Few, Union of Great and Good;
Poor *Epictetus*, with his Free-born Soul:
More's chearful Wiſdom, *Boyle* with Study wan,
Beneficent, and meek; th' *Athenian* Sage,
And *Indian*, in abſtruſe Diſcourſe ſublime
Of the firſt Good, — their Eyes turn'd up to Heav'n.
Gather'd around, and pick'd from all the World,
The ſhielded Saint rejoices in her Sons.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By the ſame.

YE Nymphs, that from *Diana's* Sport retir'd
Yon Foreſt leave awhile, and love to haunt
The bord'ring Vallies; ſaw ye, as they paſs'd,
A choſen Pair, the Glory of your Plains,
Array'd in Youth's full Bloom, and Nature's Prime?
Saw ye the Glance of Beauty, when the Fair,
Quiver'd with Charms, and by the Graces dreſs'd
March'd on: With Joy the Bridegroom fluſh'd, beyond
What livelieſt Fancy, unpoſſeſs'd, can dream?

Heard ye the Muſick of the Groves around
Warbling, while Choirs of Gratulation rung,
From ev'ry Spray; and Nightingales, ſoft tun'd,
In Notes peculiar trill'd, the Nuptial Song!
Such as in Neighb'ring *Windſor's* fav'rite Shade
They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* Ear be true,
No where on Silence ſteal with Lay ſo ſweet.

Auſpi-

Auſpicious Omens brood on the fair Hour!
Did ever *Hymen's* Look more freſh appear,
Or his bright Veſt with deeper Yellow flow?
The Veſt that on Occaſions high and rare
Pontifical he wears, when Hearts ſincere
Combine; Of healthy Cheek, and ſparkling Eye
As in the State of Nature, e'er his Shafts
By Gold were blunted. How the blazing Torch,
Fann'd by Love's Pinion, ſheds unuſual Fire!
Lo! by the Trail of Light, he left behind,
As from the Shrine his Jubilee return'd,
The Muſe, invited Gueſt, attends her Theme
Right to the Nuptial Bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
She hemm'd, thrice bleſt the Threſhold with a Sneeze,
Prelude of Happineſs to come. Her Lyre
She ſtrung, — a friendly, voluntary Strain.

" Hail (ſhe began) diſtinguiſh'd Pair! how fit
To join in wedded Love, each other's Choice!

Bridegroom, thy Taſte is elegant indeed,
And Fingers nice, that on ſome Sunny Bank
In Beauty's Garden cull'd ſo fair a Flow'r,
To thine tranſplanted from her native Soil.
Cheriſh beſure thy blooming Charge; keep off
Each Blaſt unkind, and Zephyr's Gale alone
Blow there, and genial Suns for ever ſmile.
Who not applaud thy Vow? Hereafter who
Diſpute thy Palate, judging and exact,
Owner of curious Bliſs? — Nor Thou, fair Bride,
Repine, nor homeward caſt thy longing Eye;
'Twas time to ſever from the Virgin Choir.
What Joy in Lonelineſs to waſte the Hours
Unfruitful? ſee, hard by, *Loddona*'s Stream
Cold and inactive creep along; her Face
Shaded with penſive Willow, — till anon
Married to jovial *Thames*, briſkly ſhe glides
O'er many a laughing Mead. — 'Tis Nature wills
Such Union: Bleſt Society! where Souls
Move, as in Dance, to Melody divine,

Fit

Fit Partners. (How unlike the noiſy Broils
Of wedded Strife!) Hence Friendſhip's gen'rous Glow
At Love's high Noon; and hence the ſober Flame
Steddy, as Life declines. — All Comforts hence
Of Child and Parent, ſtrongeſt, deareſt Ties!
Think not the fair Original deſign'd
To flouriſh and be loſt. The World expects
Some Copies to adorn another Age. ——
Thank the kind Gods; Be happy, live and love.

To a GENTLEMAN,

On the Birth-day of his Firſt Son.

THY ſanguine Hope compleated in a Boy,
Hymen's kind Boon, my Friend, I give thee, Joy.
Of fine ſtrange Things, and Miracles to be,
Expect no flatt'ring Prophecy from me.
'Tis Time's maturing Buſ'neſs to call forth
Degen'rate Meanneſs, or tranſmitted Worth:
Under his ſliding Courſe of Hours and Days
The Artiſt's Labour mellows or decays.
Then, let me ſee, what my fond Wiſh beſpoke,
The lively Colouring, and manly Stroke.
Is there the Sweetneſs, Eaſineſs, and Grace,
Maternal Beauties, ſhed upon his Face?

Is

Is there the frank Benevolence; the Fire
Sincere and gen'rous, darted from his Sire?
The judging Muſe, where Lines like theſe muſt ſtrike,
Will eye the Copy, — own, — 'tis very like:
Point out each Virtue, each Reſemblance tell
Pleas'd, that the Parents drew themſelves ſo well.

Horat. Lib. I. Epiſt. XI.

QUID tibi viſa Chios, Bullati, notáque Leſbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræſi regia Sardis?
Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minoráne fama?
Cunctáne præ campo & Tiberino flumine ſordent?
An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una?
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?
Scis, Lebedus quàm ſit Gabiis deſertior atque
Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem;
Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis,
Neptunum procul è terra ſpectare furentem.
Sed neque, qui Capuâ Romam petit imbre lutóque
Aſperſus, volet in cauponâ vivere, nec qui

Frigus

Imitation of *Horace.*

Book I. Epiſt. XI.

By the ſame.

WHAT ſays dear *A——th* (Lowerth.) to fine Places ſeen,
Magnificent *Verſailles*, polite *Turin*?
Is *Paris* quite ſo charming, as we hear?
And not one Sigh for *Thames* and *B——r*? (Billingbear)
With *Roman* Glories is thy Spirit fir'd,
Or to *Geneva* ſtudiouſly retir'd,
With Arts delighted, and with rambling tir'd?

Yes, yes (you cry) that Corner be my Lot,
Of *Engliſh* Friends forgetful and forgot;
By gliding *Rhone* th' oblivious Slumber take,
Or muſing, view the wide-expanded Lake.

'Tis well, I own, to bait upon the Road,
But who wou'd make an Ale-houſe his Abode?

Arriv'd

Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatum plenè præstantia vitam.
Nec, si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto,
Idcirco navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos & Mitylene pulcra facit, quod
Penula soltitio, campestrè nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
Dum licet, & vultum servat fortuna benignum,
Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos absens.
Tu quamcunque deus tibi fortunaverit horam
Grata sume manu: nec dulcia differ in annum:
Ut quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter

Arriv'd in Town, thro' Cold, and Dirt, and Snow,
Late, wet, and weary, to the *Bagnio* go:
The *Bagnio* for a Night affords good Chear;
But not the beſt of Lodging by the Year.
Too wiſe, if caſt upon a diſtant Shore,
To ſell the Veſſel, and return no more.
France, *Flanders*, *Spain*, and *Italy* and *Greece*
Are doubtleſs as eſſential to our Peace;
As, in the ſcorching Dog-days, warm Attire,
A Stream in Winter, or in *June* a Fire.
At Eaſe, in Affluence — *Naples*, *Florence*, *Rome*,
Are pretty Things to chat about at Home:
Commend the ſoft *Montpelier's* balmy Air,
But, hail and vig'rous, what need you go there?

When Fortune hovers with Auſpicious Wings,
In Gratitude accept the Boon ſhe brings:
No nice Delays; for if you like your Meat,
Ne'er quarrel with the Room, in which you eat.
If Reaſon and good Senſe alone give Eaſe,
Not airy Views, and Proſpects of the Seas;

Te dicas. nam si ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi latè maris arbiter, aufert:
Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt;
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. quod petis, hîc est,
Est Ulubris: animus si te non deficit æquus.

Voyage and Travel, are but Loſs of Time;
Our Temper will not alter with the Clime.
In idle Diligence from Morn to Night,
We trifle to live well with all our Might.
For this, in *Scythia's* Cold, and *India's* Sun,
On Horſe, in Ships, we ſwim, and ride, and run.
Live well we may, without the Help of Sails,
No Matter where, in *Cumberland* or *Wales*;
Content is ſtinted to no certain Space,
The Man may be in Fault, but not the Place.

On

On two FRIENDS born on the ſame Day.

By the ſame.

THERE are it ſeems who think the natal Star
Softens to Peace, or animates to War;
That yon bright Orbs, as in their Courſe they roll,
Dart their ſtrong Influence on the dawning Soul;
Whether to Empire led by ſhining *Jove*,
Or lull'd to Pleaſure by the Queen of Love:
Whether *Mercurius* gently wav'd his Hand;
And point to Arts and Sciences the Wand;
Or angry *Mars* inſpiring warlike Heat,
Alarm the Pulſe, and at the Boſom beat.

If ſo: Then why the Muſe a Contraſt finds
In *Palamon's* and *Arcite's* various Minds?
The one of Nature eaſy and compos'd,
Untoſs'd by Paſſion, and in Arts repos'd;

T'other

T'other of eager and impetuous Soul,
Starting in Honour's Race, and ſtretching to the Goal.
One Calm, like *Theodoſius*, to deſire,
The other Glowing with *Varrane's* Fire,
This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* Glades,
Where the Rill murmurs, and the Lawrel ſhades;
That warm'd and rous'd by what his Soul approves,
The Sport, the Miſtreſs, or the Friend he loves.

Yet the ſame Sun ſaluted them on Earth,
Yet the ſame Planets glitter'd at their Birth,
The ſame ſoft Gale, or whiſper'd in the Wood,
Or the ſame Tempeſt diſcompos'd the Flood.
It is enough, that Harmony appears,
And Friendſhip reconciles, where Nature jars,
For whatſoe'er the Scheme of Dreamers be,
Their Stars may differ, ſince their Lives agree.

On the Death of Mrs. *M. H.*

By the ſame.

A Lovely Form, ſo permanently Fair,
That Time and Sickneſs join'd cou'd ſcarce impair:
O'er the pale Landſkip ſetting Beauty ſhone,
And Patience ſmooth'd the Wrinkles Age brought on.
Within that Form a ſtill more beauteous Mind,
(Like ſome fair Picture in clear Cryſtal ſhrin'd)
Born ev'ry ſocial Bleſſing to diſpenſe,
Kind with Diſtinction, wiſe with Innocence:
The Faulty to reprove, the Good to chear,
Senſibly ſoft, and tenderly ſevere.
A pleaſing Sanctity! tho' ſerious, gay;—
Her Life look'd like a well-kept Holiday.
Stoics might wonder at her Chriſtian Mind,
Serene in Anguiſh, ſteadily reſign'd:
Of God's Correction ſhe wou'd not complain,
But ſmiling wearied out her Length of Pain;
And, her Soul wing'd, as Nature's Pow'rs grew faint,
By ſoft Degrees decay'd into a Saint.

To

To Miſs *A. W.* a very young Lady.

I WOULD tell Thee Thou art fair,
But the pleaſing Tale, I fear,
Might deceive thy tender Ear;
Make Thee fancy Beauty more
Than thoul't find the Faithleſs ſtore;
Faithleſs as the Dream of Night,
Flitting with returning Light;
Juſt as ſure as Summer Seas,
When behind th' inviting Breeze
Storms and Thunders loit'ring wait,
Soon to give the Wretch his Fate.

Let the Muſe then ſend her Song
To thy Mind, Thy Mind yet young,
Yet as pure and free from Stain
As the Snow driv'n o'er the Plain:

But how nice th'inſtructive Lay!
Yet the Muſe has bid me ſay,
Thou haſt aſk'd, and ſhe'll obey.

Gentle Maid, to whoſe kind Heart
Friendly Nature doth impart,
(Choiceſt of the Gifts ſhe brings)
Soft good Temper, firſt of Things.
May that Temper be your Guide,
May ſhe ſtill with Thee reſide,
Free from Paſſion, free from Pride;
Pride that aims the deadlieſt Dart
At the growing Virgin's Heart.
Once its Poiſon enter'd there,
Nought can cure the wounded Fair.
Pride like *Venus* does not move,
Graces at her Side and Love;
But the fierce Deſire of Power,
And dull Ign'rance march before;

Affec-

Affectation, Vanity,
Saucy Sneer and Calumny,
Cruelty, and high Diſdain,
Form her Virtue-killing Train.
Shun then Flattery's tainting Breath,
Self-Opinion ſhun like Death.

Next, my Fair, with curious queſt
Search the Garden of thy Breaſt,
Underneath th' enliven'd Clay,
Midſt the Streams that thro' it ſtray,
Clay as fine as Nature makes,
Streams yet cool in Veſtal Lakes;
Search, I ſay, with niceſt Heed,
And, if found, deſtroy the Weed;
Fruitleſs, Baleful, and Unkind,
(Fond yet of the Female Mind)
If baſe Avarice you ſpy,
Pluck it forth, and bid it die;

See! thy Parents praiſe the Deed,
Loathing the pernicious Weed,
And with Pleaſure bid Thee tread
On the Snow-cold Poiſon's Head.

The obſerving Muſe believe,
Nothing can your Bliſs deceive,
If in noble Scorn you hold
Thirſt of Power, and Love of Gold.
Quell'd theſe Paſſions, Thou ſhalt find
Virtue eaſy, ſoft, and kind.
Theſe two Dangers canſt Thou ſhun,
More than half Life's Taſk is done.
When thy Breaſt thus clear'd you ſee,
When the Soil from Weeds is free,
When no more the Thiſtle grows,
Nor the Thorn ſurrounds the Roſe,
Thou ſhalt then employ thy Hours,
Gath'ring Sweets and culling Flowers.

All that Virtue has to give
Thou ſhalt to thy Breaſt receive.
Under thy commanding Eye,
White-rob'd Purity ſhall lie;
And thy alt'ring Cheek her Throne
Roſe-red Modeſty ſhall own;
Still at thy extended Hand
Glowing Charity ſhall ſtand;
And upon thy Lips ſhall dwell
Truths as pure as Angels tell.

Thus, my fair one, may'ſt Thou ſhine,
Till ſome Youth, by Fate Divine,
Scorn'd the light fantaſtic Crew,
Reſts his Happineſs on you;
And Thou pour'ſt into his Breaſt,
Joys like what thy Sire confeſt,
When in *Hymen*'s happy Band
He receiv'd *Eliza*'s Hand.

To the Sparrows at MENWINYON in CORNWAL.

BIRDS, in Joy all Birds excelling,
Happy Slaves to endleſs Love,
Happier here than if your dwelling
Was the ſacred Cyprian Grove.

What tho' thoſe celeſtial Sparrows
Boaſt their Food from *Venus'* Hands,
And their Feathers wing the Arrows,
With which *Cupid* all commands?

Tell 'em Beauty's all Opinion,
And ye much miſtaken are,
If the Siſters at *Menwinyon*
Out go not the Graces far.

Tell the Charms ye daily gaze on,
As ye hop the Woods among,

Such

Such no Mortal e'er ſet Eyes on,
Such *Catullus* never ſung.

Were his Miſtreſs' Sparrow living,
And theſe Sifters to him ſhown,
He poor Bird would die with grieving,
Seeing *Leſbia* ſo out done.

Here then, Sparrows, each gay Morning
With your chirping Lays ſalute,
Hither each cool Eve returning
Neſtle midſt the Leaves and Fruit.

And if e're your Reſt be broken
By the Nets of ſome rude Clown,
To the Sifters be it ſpoken,
And they'll kill him with a Frown.

Hor. Ode III. l. 3. Edit. Bentl.

Justum & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non voltus instantis [1] Tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
[2] *Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,*
Nec [3] fulminantis *magna manus Jovis:*

Si

An ODE, to the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, *February* 6. 1741. On his ceaſing to be MINISTER.

Being a juſt *Panegyric* on a *Great Miniſter*, the *Revolution*, and *Hanover Succeſſion*.

In Imitation of *Juſtum & tenacem, &c.*

The Author Anonymous.

THE *Miniſter* that's *Brave* and *Juſt*,
True to his King's and Country's Truſt,
Defies the [1] Tyrant *Faction*;
Howe'er its many Heads may ſtare,
Grown dreadful with a Gorgon Air
Of *general Diſtraction*.

Not *threatning B——d* who [2] commands
The reſtleſs City's furious Bands,
And brandiſhes her *Dagger*;
Not [3] *thundring P——y*, tho' he awes
The S--n--te to deſert his Cauſe,
His ſteady Soul can ſtagger.

Th'

Si fractus inlabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hac arte Pollux, & vagus Hercules
Enisus arces attigit igneas;
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.
Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes: hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit;

Gratum

Th' impending Storm, that louder grows
From ſhrinking Friends, and ſwelling Foes,
[4] *Intrepidly* he faces:
Untouch'd with Guilt, he knows no Fears,
And only *Greater* yet appears
Diveſted of his Places.

Thus SOMERS, for great Service done,
Thus MARLBOROUGH, for Realms [5] o'er run,
Were by their Country treated;
Who now quaff *Nectar*'s flowing Tide,
With juſt [6] GODOLPHIN by their Side,
Celeſtially ſeated.

Thus our great Founder WILLIAM roſe,
By Oppoſition of his Foes,
To his *Immortal Glory:*
Thus our brave GEORGE advanced to Fame,
And ſtill ſhall have *Old Steady*'s Name
In everlaſting Story.

GEORGE

Gratum elocuta conſiliantibus
Junone Divis: ILION, *Ilion*
[7] Fatalis inceſtuſque judex
Et mulier peregrina *vertit*
In pulverem; *Ex quo deſtituit Deos*
Mercede pactâ Laomedon, mihi
Caſtæque [9] *damnatum Minervæ*,
Cum populo & duce fraudulento.
Jam nec Lacænæ ſplendet [10] adulteræ
Famoſus hoſpes: *nec Priami* [11] *domus*
Perjura pugnacis Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit.

Noſtriſque

GEORGE thus addreſs'd his Brother Gods,
Aſſembled in their bleſt Abodes,
And BRITAIN's Fate debating:
Long have the S——s ceas'd to reign,
Since J—'s [7] *Prieſts* and *foreign Queen*
Drove on his *Abdicating*.

[8] Soon as he from *the Church* withdrew
His Grace by ſolemn Promiſe due
And broke all Limitation,
His forfeit Crown by juſt Decree
Was [9] doom'd to WILLIAM and to ME,
To ſave a ſinking Nation.

The Bigot King ſhall now no more
Hold Commerce with ROME's *Scarlet* [10] *Whore*,
And back her Superſtition;
No more ſhall S——'s [11] perjur'd Houſe
BRITAIN's Credulity abuſe,
While plotting her Perdition.

But

Noſtriſque ductum ſeditionibus
[12] *Bellum reſedit. protinus & gravis*
Iras, & [13] inviſum nepotem,
Troïa quem peperit ſacerdos
[14] *Marti redonabo.* [15] *illum ego lucidas*
Inire ſedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, & adſcribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar Deorum;
[16] *Dum longus inter ſæviat Ilion*
Romamque pontus; qualibet exſules
In parte regnanto beati:
[17] *Dum Priami Paridiſque buſto*
Inſultet armentum, & catulos feræ
Celent inultae; ſtet Capitolium
Fulgens, *triumphatiſque poſſit*
Roma *ferox dare jura Medis.*

[18] Horrenda

But [12] Foes ſubdued my Pity meet,
WILLIAM's fam'd BOYNE gave one Defeat,
And my DUNBLAIN another:
My [13] *Coward Couſin* now I own,
Since SCOTLAND proves him [14] J—'s Son,
Whoever was his Mother.

Nay, Frauds forgotten, [15] I'm content
He ſhould be rank'd in right Deſcent:
[16] Let but the *Britiſh* Ocean
Still rore between his Sons and mine,
And let the Royal Exiles reign,
Where they can find Promotion.

[17] Since Tyranny has met its Fate,
And Liberty in Church and State
Now triumphs o'er its ruin;
BRITAIN ſhall ſtand moſt truly GREAT,
And ſee her Foes bow at her Feet,
For Peace moſt humbly ſuing.

[18] Her

[18] Horrenda *late nomen in ultimas*
Extendat oras; [19] qua medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus.
[20] *Aurum irrepertum, & ſic melius ſitum*
Cum terra celat, ſpernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in uſus
Omne ſacrum rapiente dextra.
[21] *Quicunque mundo terminus obſtitit,*
Hunc tangat armis, viſere geſtiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ pluviique rores.

Sed

[18] Her Fleets ſhall all around proclame
To diſtant Shores her *dreaded* Name,
In Peals of Britiſh Thunder:
[19] *Croſs from the Old World to the New*
Their Sails ſhall fly, her Fame purſue,
And fill both Worlds with wonder.

Nor ſhall ſhe ſeek for [20] *Golden Mines*,
That baſe Allay to grand Deſigns,
That ſtain to the victorious:
Shou'd Heroes, after Actions bold,
Turn Miſers, and now thirſt for Gold,
How muſt they fall inglorious!

[21] No Bounds ſhall check her conqu'ring Arms,
Whenever a juſt Cauſe alarms,
And Wrongs are to be righted:
Nor ſcorching Suns, nor freezing Poles
Shall bar my Britons daring Souls,
When once to War excited.

22 *Sed bellicoſis fata Quiritibus*
Hac lege *dico ne nimium pii,*
Rebuſque fidentes, avitae
Tecta velint reparare Trojae.
23 *Trojae renaſcens alite lugubri*
Fortuna triſti clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis & ſorore.
24 *Ter ſi reſurgat murus aëneus,*
Auctore Phoebo; ter pereat meis
Exciſus Argivis: ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret,

22 But theſe great Things, that I relate,
Can only be her glorious Fate,
On this expreſs Condition;
That with falſe Zeal no more ſhe burns,
No more to S——'s Race returns,
And Papal Impoſition.

23 To raiſe again that hated Line,
Shou'd e'er a factious People join,
Grown Mad with too much Freedom;
Again my Pow'rs ſhall take the Field,
Again the Coward Chiefs ſhall yield,
And Sword or Ax ſhall bleed 'em.

24 Thrice ſhou'd Rebellion rear her Head,
With Front of Braſs, but Heart of Lead,
Still bent upon *Reſtoring*;
Before my Sons thrice ſhall ſhe fly,
Thrice at their Feet in vain ſhall lie
Wives for their Lords imploring.

Non hoc jocosae conveniet lyrae:
Quo Musa tendis? desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum, &
Magna modis tenuare parvis,

But whither wou'd my Muſe aſpire?
Forbear to tune the merry Lyre
To Themes paſt thy attaining:
For to attempt, in humble Odes,
The Acts of Heroes, Speech of Gods,
At beſt is but *profaning*.

In Puellam Septentrionalem.

QUanquam ſub gelidis ſit Virgo Trionibus orta,
Delicias almi Pectore Veris habet.
Infecit candore cutem nix; cætera flammâ,
Phœbe, vigent radios exuperante tuos.

On a young LADY of the NORTH.

By ——

THOUGH from the North the Damſel came,
All Spring is in her Breaſt;
Her Skin is of the driven Snow,
But Sun-ſhine all the reſt.

To ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq.*

On his ESSAY of MAN.

By the Rev. Mr. *P. L.* Peter Layng

HAIL moral Bard! to whose instructive Lay,
E'en *Greece* must yield, and *Rome* her Homage pay;
Such are thy Numbers, that with wond'rous Art,
They sooth at once the Ear, and mend the Heart.
Amaz'd we view thy strong poetick Flight,
Where Wit and Judgement, Sense and Sound unite.
Thy Words so justly do thy Thoughts express,
That Reason lovely seems in Fancy's Dress.

Let vulgar Bards indulge the trivial Song,
To thee, sublime and serious Truths belong;
Master of Manners, and of Verse, you show
What to ourselves, our Friend, our God we owe.

Whate'er great *Plato*, or *Chryſippus* thought,
Here doubly charms in pleaſing Numbers taught,
Though grave the Theme, the Beauties of thy Page
The gay, the young inſenſibly engage:
E'en Virtue's ſtricteſt Precepts yield delight,
And win thoſe Lovers, they were wont to fright.

No more ſhall Science now be crampt to Rules,
But free and unconfin'd forſake the Schools;
You, her High Prieſt, expoſe to vulgar Eye
Her ſolemn Rites and darkeſt Myſtery,

Oh! let thy Muſe attempt a nobler Theme,
And join the Chriſtian to the moral Scheme.
Let her deſcribe *Redemption's* myſtic Plan,
And God's unbounded Clemency to Man;
Then ſhall thy Verſe o'er *Infidels* prevail,
And conquer Vice, where graver Doctrines fail.

On a young LADY working green Silk on a white Sattin Ground.

IN Winter's icy Chains lies Nature bound,
And one cold Whiteneſs covers all the Ground,
'Till the gay Spring, on Zephyrs born, is ſeen
And the whole Field is deck'd in ſprightly Green;
But where ſome Snow-drops glitt'ring ſtill remain
Height'ning the Luſtre of the verdant Plain.

And lo! how Nature is by Art expreſt,
That Silk, er'ſt white and ſmooth as *Lucy*'s Breaſt,
Now ſtretch'd beneath her animating Hand,
Breaks into Flow'rs, and ſprouts at her Command,
And, delicately verdant, charms the Sight,
But where her Fingers touch'd it, ſhines more white.

To a young Lady, who Paints very well, but always Draws her own Sex to Diſadvantage.

INgenious Fair, in whoſe well mingled Dies,
Reflected Charms delight our raviſh'd Eyes;
On whoſe ſoft Pencil ev'ry Beauty waits
That Nature boaſts, or happy Art creates:
Say, when thy Fancy prompts thee to diſplay
The blooming Flow'rs that deck the youthful *May*,
Seek you not all that Colours can ſupply
To cheat our Senſes, and delude our Eye?
Strives not your ev'ry Stroke with anxious Pain
The Whiteneſs of the Lilly to retain?
Blot you not out the ill-united Shades
If but one Tulip on your Canvas fades?
And ſwells not with a conſcious Joy your Breaſt,
If in the happy glowing Tints thou ſeeſt
The downy Bluſhes of the Roſe encreaſt?
Whence ſtrive you then, to hurt your own fair Kind?
How came your Injuries to them confin'd?

Whence

Whence dares your Pencil offer to diſgrace
Such Looks as well might hint an Angel's Face?
What ſecret Paſſion aids thy Touch with Spite
To darken *Cloe*'s Brown, or taint *Clarinda*'s White?
Say, is it Envy guides thy faithleſs Line?
Can meagre Envy dwell in Breaſts like thine?
With Trembling doſt thou *Cælia*'s Features trace,
Or fear that *Myra*'s Smiles ſhou'd thine diſgrace?

Thy own fair Self, miſtaken Charmer, view;
Learn thy own Power, and let thy Paint be true.
With kindly Care thy happieſt Colours blend,
And ſtrive, what Nature faireſt forms, to mend:
From *Cloe's* Eye bid keener Light'nings flow,
Teach *Cælia*'s Cheeks with ſofter Red to glow:
Still, ſtill, bright Nymph, unrival'd ſhalt thou ſhine,
Thy Paint is charming, but thy Form divine.

To

To the ſame.

WHEN ſome new riſing Beauty fills
With Jealouſy the Virgin Train,
Detraction vents the inbred Spleen,
And Whiſpers eaſe the Rival's Pain.

Not *Myra* ſo; with cruel Skill
She calls the Pencil to her Aid;
Defames the Fair in Effigy,
And Libels with ſatyrick Shade.

Unable thus, with dazled Eyes
To bear the Sun's Meridian Beam,
With Pride the gazing Swain defies
His fainter Image in the Stream.

Beneath her figurative Hand
Cloe's all-matchleſs Beauties die,
And faintly languiſh at her Stroke
The little Loves in *Cælia*'s Eye.

As Criticks o'er ſome ancient Page,
Injurious She to Beauty's Worth,
O'erlooks each bright diviner Grace,
And calls each Imperfection forth.

With Pity and with Anger mov'd,
The partial Likeneſs we deplore,
And wiſh the Picture we ſurvey
Or leſs Reſemblance had or more.

But ceaſe, fond Nymph, and aſk thy Heart
If that ſuch Injuries cou'd brook,
Should e'er thy beauteous Self be ſhown
Leſs killing by a ſingle Look?

Shou'd thy falſe Maid or ill-bred Glaſs,
One Dimple or one Smile bely,
Say, wou'd not *Betty* ſtrait be chid,
Thy Mirrour thrown in Anger by?

Be then to ev'ry Rival juſt,
And ſince thy Lips diſdain to wrong,

Let not thy gentle Hand revile,
But learn a Virtue from thy Tongue.

'Twere nobler for each Rival Face
With more than native Charms to crown,
Thy utmoſt Art can ne'er pourtray
A Form more lovely than thy own.

To

To the ſame.

IN vain, fair Nymph, thy Pencil wou'd diſgrace
The Bloom of *Cælia*'s, or *Clarinda*'s Face;
Againſt thy Will thou charm'ſt our raviſh'd Eyes,
And what thy Envy prompts, thy Skill denies.
By one judicious Stroke, inform'd we gueſs
Whoſe Form inſpir'd the Malice of the Piece;
Nor all thy leſs'ning Colours can ſuggeſt,
Can force the ſweet Idea from our Breaſt,
We ſee 'tis ——— and forget the reſt.

To ----

THE golden Tripod ſhou'd thy Worth receive,
The *poliſh'd Braſs*, and Marble Buſt I'd give,
The great Rewards to *Grecian* Heroes known,
Such as bold *Theron* gain'd, and *Chromius* won.
If *Phidias'* pow'rful Touch I cou'd command,
Or *Zeuxis'* Pencil grac'd my forming Hand.

But *thee* the Muſes ſtronger Pow'r delights,
Thy liſt'ning Ear the flowing Verſe invites,
That *Phœbus* prompts, or tuneful *Pope* indites.
Me too the Nymphs of *Pindus'* Grotto's Fire,
Me, tho' the laſt of all their Train, inſpire;
Their mighty laſting Influence I know,
And their immortalizing Pow'r can ſhow.
Not all that Braſs, or Stone, or Paint can give,
By which again departed Heroes live;
Great *Cæſar*'s Triumphs ſtill expos'd to View,
Scipio's fair Laurels ſpringing ever new,

Perpe-

Perpetuate not ſo ſure the Warrior's Praiſe,
As the kind Meed of *Heliconian* Lays.
Shou'd not auſpicious Verſe thy Mem'ry guard,
Thy Name, thy Virtue were without Reward.

The Man whoſe Worth the Civic Wreath has gain'd
By Lands from Slav'ry freed, or Laws maintain'd,
The Muſe eſtabliſhes for e'er the ſame,
Reſcues from Death, and conſecrates to Fame.

Thus what th' ungrateful Populace deny,
The Muſe, to *Naſſau*'s Virtue, ſhall ſupply.
Long Ages hence in *Prior*'s happy Line
Namur ſhall blaze, and Purple ſtain the *Boyn*.

Deſtructive Time may ſink proud *Blenheim*'s Dome,
And *Woodſtock*'s pleaſing Bow'rs forget to bloom;
Yet nought ſhall *Malb'rough's* ſettled Fame ſurvive
The Muſes' * *Blenheim* ſhall for ever live.

* A Poem wrote by *G. L.* Eſq.

In Tumulum *Lauræ Puellæ.*

Sannazarii Epigr. Lib. I.

ET lacrymas etiam Superi tibi, Laura, *dediſſent,*
Fas etiam Superos ſi lacrymare foret.
Quod potuit tamen, auratas Puer Ille ſagittas
Fregit, & extinctas mœſta Erycina faces.
Sed quamvis homines tangant tua fata, Deoſque;
Nulli flebilior, quàm mihi, vita, jaces.
Felices animæ, quibus is comes ipſa per umbras,
Et datur Elyſium ſic habitare nemus.

On the Tomb of the Virgin *Laura*.

From *Sannazarius*.

HAD heav'nly Beings been with Tears supply'd,
The Gods themselves had wept when *Laura* dy'd:
Yet, what they can, see! Love and *Venus* show,
She quench'd her Torches, and he broke his Bow;
Tho' Gods and Men at thy sad Fate repine,
Nor Gods, nor Men, my Life, feel Grief like mine.
Blest Souls! that with thee to the Shades repair,
Elysium's doubly so, now thou art there.

EPITAPHIUM *Albinæ.*

Marulli Epigr. Lib. I.

HIC Albina *jacet, ſed non tamen hic jacet una*
Albina: *hoc Veneris non tulit ipſe Puer.*
Sed tela, atque arcus, pharetræque, Cupidinis arma,
Quique fuit mollis ſemper in Ore decor.
Spargite humum foliis, verno nec parcite flori;
Hæc quoque, quæ cinis eſt, flos modo Vernus erat.

EPITAPH on *Albina*.

From *Marullus*.

HERE fair *Albina* lies, yet not alone,
That was forbid by *Cytherea*'s Son;
His Quiver, Arrows, and his Bow lie here,
And Beauty's Self lay Lifeleſs on her Bier.
Strew Roſes then, and Violets round her ſhow'r,
She that's now Duſt, was Yeſterday a Flow'r.

In *Charinum* deformis Uxoris Maritum.

Johannis Secundi, Epigr.

NUper, Charine, *conjugem*
Vidi tuam tam candidam,
Tam lacteam, tam floridam,
Cultam, modeſtam, blandulam,
Ut ſi mihi tales bonus
Tres conceſſerit Jupiter,
Diti daturus ſim duas
Auferret ut Superſtitem.

On *Charinus* the Huſband of an ugly Wife.

From *Johannes Secundus.*

YOUR Wife's poſſeſt of ſuch a Face, and Mind,
So charming that, and this ſo ſoft and kind,
So ſmooth her Forehead, and her Voice ſo ſweet,
Her Words ſo tender, and her Dreſs ſo neat,
That wou'd kind Heav'n, whence Man all good derives,
In wond'rous Bounty ſend me three ſuch Wives,
Dear happy Huſband, take it on my Word,
I'd give the D——l two to take the third.

In Bucalum Myronis.

Johannis Secundi Epigr.

Dicito Paſtori noſtro, ſi videris, hoſpes,
Hic moror Artificis quòd religata manu.

On the Statue of a Heifer.

From *Johannes Secundus.*

GOOD Friend, this Meſſage to my Owner bear,
That *Myron* ſtole me, and has fix'd me here.

ABELARD

ABELARD to *HELOISA.*

By a LADY.

AS in my Cell, low proſtrate on the Ground
I mourn'd my Crimes, thy Letter entrance found.
Too ſoon my Soul the well known Name confeſs'd,
My beating Heart ſprung fiercely in my Breaſt:
Through my whole Frame a guilty Tranſport glow'd,
And from my Eyes the Torrents ſtreaming flow'd.
Oh! *Heloiſa*, art thou ſtill the ſame,
Doſt thou ſtill nouriſh this deſtructive Flame?
Have not the gentle Rules of Peace and Heaven,
From thy ſoft Soul, this fatal Paſſion driven?
Alas! I thought you diſengag'd, and free,
And can you ſtill, ſtill ſigh and weep for me?
What pow'rful Deity, what hallow'd Shrine,
Can ſave me from a Love, a Faith like thine?

Where

Where ſhall I fly, when not this awful Cave,
Whoſe rugged Foot the ſurging Billows lave,
Me from the Horrors of thy Love can ſave?
When my dread Vows in vain their Force oppoſe,
Liſted 'gainſt Love how vain alas are Vows!
In fruitleſs Penitence I wear away
Each tedious Night, and ſad revolving Day,
I faſt, I pray, and with deceitful Art
Veil thy dear Image in my tortur'd Heart.
My tortur'd Heart conflicting Paſſions move,
I hope, deſpair, repent, yet ſtill I love.
A thouſand jarring Thoughts my Boſom tear
For thou (not God) oh *Heloiſe!* art there.
To the falſe World's deluding Pleaſures dead,
No longer by its wand'ring Fires miſled,
In learn'd Diſputes harſh Precepts I infuſe,
And give the Counſel I want Pow'r to uſe.
The rigid Maxims of the Grave and Wiſe,
Have quench'd each milder Sparkle of my Eyes.

Each

Each lovely Feature of this once lov'd Face,
By Grief revers'd aſſumes a ſterner Grace.
Oh *Heloiſa!* ſhould the Fates once more
Indulgent to my View thy Charms reſtore,
How from my Arms would'ſt thou with Horror ſtart,
To miſs the Form familiar to thy Heart?
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing Judgment ſee,
To ſpeak me *Abelard*, but Love of thee.
Lean Abſtinence, pale Grief, and hagged Care
The dire Attendants of forlorn Deſpair,
Have *Abelard* the gay, the young, remov'd,
And in the Hermit ſunk the Man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the Gloom, theſe holy Mountains ſhed,
The thorny Paths of Penitence I tread,
Loſt to the World, from all its Int'reſts free,
And torn from all my Soul, held dear in thee.
Ambition with its Train of Frailties gone
All Love, all Form forgot, but thine alone.
Amidſt the Blaze of Day, the Gloom of Night,
My *Heloiſa* riſes to my Sight.

Veil'd

Veil'd as in *Paraclet's* ſecluded Tow'rs
The wretched Mourner counts the lagging Hours,
I hear her Sighs, ſee the ſwift falling Tears,
Weep all her Griefs, and pant with all her Cares.
Oh Vows! oh Convent! your ſtern Face impart
And frown the melting Phantom from my Heart.
Let other Sighs a worthier Sorrow ſhow,
Let other Tears for Sins repentant flow.
Low to the Earth, my guilty Eyes I roul
And humble to the Duſt my heaving Soul.
Forgiving Powers, your gracious Call I meet,
Who firſt impow'r'd this Rebel Heart to beat,
Who thro' this trembling, this offending Frame,
For nobler Ends infus'd Life's active Flame:
Oh change the Temper of this labouring Breaſt,
And form anew each beating Pulſe to Reſt.
Let ſpringing Grace, fair Faith and Hope remove
The fatal Traces of deſtructive Love.
Deſtructive Love from his warm Manſion tear,
And leave no Tracks of *Heloiſa* there.

Are

Are theſe the Wiſhes of my inmoſt Soul?
Would I its ſofteſt tend'reſt Senſe controul?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing Heart refine
To the cold Subſtance of that Marble Shrine?
Transform'd like theſe pale Swarms that round me move,
O! bleſt Inſenſibles that know not Love!
Ah! rather let me keep this hapleſs Flame:
Adieu falſe Honours, unavailing Fame:
Not your harſh Rules, but tender Love ſupplies
The Streams that guſh from my deſpairing Eyes.
I feel the Traitor melt about my Heart,
And through my Veins the treach'rous Inf'ence dart.
Inſpire me, Heav'n, aſſiſt me, Grace divine,
Aid me, you Saints, that know not Crimes like mine,
You who in Earth ſevere, all Griefs did prove,
All but the tort'ring Pains of hopeleſs Love.
A holier Rage in your pure Boſoms dwelt;
Nor can you pity what you never felt.
A ſympathizing Grief alone can cure;
The Hand that heals, muſt feel what I endure.

Thou

Thou, *Heloiſe*, alone muſt give me Eaſe,
And bid my lab'ring Soul ſubſide to Peace.
Reſtore me to my long loſt Heav'n of reſt,
And take thyſelf from my reluctant Breaſt.
If Crimes like mine, could an Allay receive,
That bleſt Allay, thy wond'rous Charms might give
That Form, which firſt to Love my Heart inclin'd
Still wanders in my loſt, my guilty Mind.
I ſaw thee as the new-blown Bloſſom fair
Sprightly as light, more ſoft than Summer's Air.
Bright as their Beams, thy Eyes a Mind diſcloſe,
While on thy Lips, gay bluſh'd the fragrant Roſe,
While Youth, and Love, in each dear Feature ſhone,
Preſs'd by my Fate, I gaz'd and was undone.
There fell the gen'rous Fire whoſe vig'rous Flame,
Enlarg'd my Soul, and led me on to Fame.
Nor Fame, nor Wealth, my ſoftned Heart could move
Dully inſenſible to all but Love,
Snatch'd from myſelf my Learning taſteleſs grew,
Vain my Philoſophy, oppos'd to you,

A Train

A Train of Woes ſucceed, nor ſhou'd we mourn
The Hours, which cannot, ought not to return!
As once to Love I ſway'd your guilty Mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd;
To Virtue now, let me your Breaſt inſpire,
And fan with Zeal divine the Heav'nly Fire.
Teach you to injur'd Heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid your Soul with ſacred Raptures burn.
Oh! that my own Example might impart
This noble Warmth to your ſoft trembling Heart,
That mine with pious undiſſembled Care,
Could aid the latent Virtue ſtruggling there:
Alas! I rave, nor Grace, nor Zeal divine,
Burns in a Heart oppreſs'd with Crimes like mine;
Too ſure I find, while I the Torture prove
Of feeble Piety, conflicting Love.
On black Deſpair, my forc'd Devotion's built,
Abſence for me has ſharper Pangs than Guilt.
Yet, yet, my *Heloiſe*, thy Charms I ſee,
Yet my Sighs breath, my Tears are ſhed for thee.

Each

Each weak Reſiſtance ſtronger knits my Chain,
I ſigh, weep, love, deſpair, repent in vain.
Haſte, *Heloiſa*, haſte, thy Lover free,
Amidſt thy warmer Pray'rs—O! think on me.
Wing with your riſing Zeal my grov'ling Mind,
And let me mine, from your Repentance find.
Ah labour, ſtrive, your Love, yourſelf controul,
The change will ſure affect my kindred Soul.
In Concert bleſt, our purer Sighs ſhall live,
And Heav'n aſſiſting, ſhall our Crimes forgive:
But if unhappy, wretched, loſt in vain,
Faintly th' unequal Combat you ſuſtain,
If not to Heav'n you feel your Boſom riſe,
Nor Tears refin'd, fall contrite from your Eyes;
If ſtill your Heart its wonted Paſſions move,
If ſtill, to ſpeak all Pains in one, you love;
Deaf to the weak Eſſays of living Breath,
Attend the ſtrongeſt Eloquence of Death.
When the kind Pow'r this captive Soul ſhall free,
Which only then ſhall ceaſe to doat on thee;

When

When gently ſunk to my eternal Sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful Urn ſhall keep,
Then *Heloiſa*, then your Lover view,
See his quench'd Eyes no longer gaze on you;
From their dread Orbs their tender Utt'rance flown,
Which firſt to thine my Heart's ſoft Tale made known.
This Breaſt no more (at length to Eaſe conſign'd)
Pants like the waving Aſpin in the Wind.
See all my wild tumultuous Paſſion o'er,
And thou (amazing change!) belov'd no more.
Behold the deſtin'd End of human Love,
But let the Sight alone, your Zeal improve:
Let then your conſcious Soul, to Sorrow mov'd,
Recall how much, how tenderly I lov'd.
With pious Care your fruitleſs Grief reſtrain,
Nor let a Tear your ſacred Veil prophane;
Nor e'en a Sigh on my cold Urn beſtow,
But let your Breaſt with new-born Raptures glow.
Let Love divine frail Mortal Love dethrone,
And to your Mind immortal Joys make known.

Let Heav'n relenting ſtrike your raviſh'd View
And ſtill the bright, the bleſt Purſuit renew:
So with your Crimes ſhall your Misfortunes ceaſe,
And your wreck'd Soul be calmly huſh'd to Peace.

ON

ON THE
DEATH of a Young BRIDE.

WHEN youthful Charms are blaſted in their Bloom,
And Wit and Beauty ſink into the Tomb,
'Tis juſt for ev'ry friendly Heart to ſhare
The Father's Anguiſh, and the Huſband's Care;
Then let none wonder at a Stranger's Sighs,
And Tears that flow from ſympathetic Eyes;
So great a Loſs, unknown to all Relief,
Claims the free Gift of univerſal Grief.

Oh! Fate ſevere! when Piety can't ſave
The deſtin'd Fair one, from the cruel Grave!
She, in whom Nature's nobleſt Gifts combin'd,
A graceful Perſon, and a lovely Mind,

In all the Pride of Youth reſign'd her Breath,
An early Victim to devouring Death.
Hence learn, ye Fair, nor too much prize your Charms,
None can reſiſt this gloomy Tyrant's Arms:
How ſhould vain Beauty hope his Wrath to ſtay,
When ſuch tranſcendent Goodneſs fell a Prey!
See, each revolving Sun, ſome ſudden Blow
Gives a new Triumph to th' inſulting Foe.
Where's then the Shape ſo exquiſitely true?
The ſnowy Brightneſs, and Vermillion Hue?
When rueful Death has once a Conqueſt made,
The Lillies wither, and the Roſes fade:
From the pale Face the laughing Graces fly,
And Loves, that wanton'd in the ſparkling Eye.
But conſcious Virtue ſcorns his ſhort-liv'd Pow'r,
Our only Succour in the fatal Hour:

This

This calm'd each Terror and remov'd each Fear,
From the fair Saint, her Diſſolution near,
She, when Death call'd, attended, undiſmay'd,
And the quick Summons chearfully obey'd,
With Patience underwent the bitter Strife,
The laſt beſt Duty of a well ſpent Life.
So may the gayeſt at the Park or Play
Be by To-morrow's Dawning ſnatch'd away
And from the ſprightly Ball or Maſquerade,
Sleep in the Marble's cold Embraces laid,
For ſoon or late at the appointed Day
We all muſt tread this melancholy Way.
Then happy they, who quit this irkſome State,
E'er they know Vice, or feel the Storms of Fate,
Such this bright Pattern in the Bloom of Age
Left all the Tumults of this mortal Stage;
And though ſo ſhort her Dwelling was with Man,
With ample Virtues fill'd her narrow Span.

Why ſhed we then unprofitable Tears,
For one ſo old in Works, though green in Years?
Lament the Sinners ſhort-liv'd Date, betimes
Snatch'd in the May-day of his blooming Crimes;
Whoſe unrepented Follies well might bear
Ages of Sighs and penitential Pray'r.
Who knows what Evils Fortune had in Store,
Had Heav'n not ſent her to a ſafer Shore?
In Death we find a Haven lull'd in Peace,
Where the Winds deaden, and the Tempeſts ceaſe.

Here ſhe enjoys, from Trouble ever free,
The unmov'd Calmneſs of a Summer's Sea.
Here Malice ſleeps, the lying Tongue is ſtill,
No envious Pow'r to thwart her pious Will.
Add thoſe precarious Ills, that ſhe has fled
By a quick Paſſage to the ſilent Dead,
Diſtempers riſing from fallacious Food,
And Poiſons lurking in the tainted Blood:

The ſlow Conſumption and Rheumatic Pains,
The Fever raging in the throbbing Veins;
Then render Thanks to Heav'n, that let her go
So Young, ſo Virtuous, from a State of Woe.

THE ARGUMENT.

THESEUS, *the valiant Son of* Ægeus *King of* Athens, *for a long while knew not his Father; till travelling into* Attica, *he by great Fortune there diſcovered him. But ſoon after, out of a Principle of Honour, he left the* Athenian *Court to go to* Crete, *on a dangerous Expedition;* Minos *was King of that Place, whoſe Daughter* Ariadne *at firſt Sight fell unhappily in Love with the beautiful Stranger; and aſſiſted him in killing the* Minotaur, *a Monſter that was incloſed in the Middle of a large Labyrinth. It ſeems ſhe preſented him with a Clue of Thread, by which, after the Conqueſt of the Beaſt, he guided his Steps back through the many Windings of the Grove. After this ſignal Service, he promis'd to carry her with him to* Athens; *but in his Paſſage Home left her on a deſert Iſland call'd* Dia. *She prays all the Gods to avenge her, which they do, by making* Theſeus, *when he comes within Sight of* Attica, *forget to give the appointed Signal of Succeſs at a Diſtance; by which Means* Ægeus *thinking his Son dead, threw himſelf into the Sea and periſh'd.* Ariadne *was afterwards carried into Heaven by* Bacchus, *and made a Conſtellation.*

THESEUS and *ARIADNE.*

WHERE the rude Waves on *Dia*'s Harbour play,
The fair forſaken *Ariadne* lay:
Here firſt the wretched Maid was taught to prove
The bitter Pangs of ill rewarded Love;
Here ſaw, juſt freed from a fallacious Sleep,
Her *Theſeus* flying o'er the diſtant Deep:
Wiſtful ſhe look'd, nor what ſhe ſaw believ'd,
Hop'd ſome Miſtake, and wiſh'd to be deceiv'd.
While the falſe Youth his Way ſecurely made,
His Faith forgotten, and his Vows unpay'd.
At length ſhe found her partial Fears too true,
The well-known Veſſel leſs'ning to her View;
Then ſick with Grief, and frantick with Deſpair,
Her Dreſs ſhe rent, and tore her golden Hair.
The gay *Tiara* on her Temples plac'd,
The fine-wrought Cincture that her Boſom grac'd,

The

The Fillets, which her heaving Breaſts confin'd,
Are rent and ſcatter'd in the lawleſs Wind.
The wretched Fair regards them now no more,
Waſh'd by the wanton Surges on the Shore.
Such trivial Cares, alas! no Room can find,
Her dear deceitful *Theſeus* fills her Mind;
For him alone ſhe grieves the live-long Day,
Sickens in Thought, and pines her Soul away.

Curſt be the Time when *Theſeus* firſt from Home
Reach'd the *Gortynian* Tyrant's ſtately Dome:
In that ſad Day what Evils unforeſeen
Were form'd in Embryo by the *Cyprian* Queen?
The Story goes, the *Minotaur* was fed
With human Victims for *Androgeos* dead.
Forc'd by a Sickneſs the *Cecropians* pay'd
This yearly Tribute to the Hero's Shade:
The Flow'r of *Athens* were compell'd to bleed,
For thus the cruel Oracle decreed.

'Till

'Till, *Theſeus*, to preſerve his Country's Blood,
Himſelf devoted for the Public Good.
Forth for the *Cretan* Coaſt he hoiſted Sail,
Fleet ſped his Ship, and proſp'rous was the Gale;
Soon as to *Minos'* awful Court he came,
The Princeſs ſaw him, and conceiv'd a Flame.
A grand Pavillion on the Ground there ſtood,
Celeſtial Odours iſſued from the Wood;
On this the Royal Fair repos'd her Charms,
Wrapt in th' Embraces of her Mother's Arms.
Such to the View the goodly Myrtle ſeems,
Which grows beſide *Eurotas'* cryſtal Streams;
Thus beautiful the vernal Flow'rs appear,
That glad with gay Variety the Year.
She ſat and languiſh'd, nor her Eyes withdrew,
'Till the whole Frame the ſweet Contagion knew.
O cruel Boy, that aim'ſt the Shafts of Love,
And rul'ſt the *Golgi* and *Idalian* Grove,
You give no Pleaſure but has ſome Alloy,
And blend'ſt with Trouble our ſincereſt Joy.

You

You first inſpir'd with this unhappy Flame
The Royal Virgin for a Foreign Name.
With what Anxiety was ſhe oppreſt,
What Tempeſts labour'd in her troubled Breaſt,
When her lov'd Youth the Monſter met in Fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to leave the Light?
As when a Storm on *Taurus'* Top deſcends,
The waving Oak or Mountain Pine it bends;
At laſt the Tree up-rooted, in its Way
Bears all before it with impetuous Sway;
So the dread Beaſt by *Theſeus* taught to yield,
Fell down reluctant on the bleeding Field.
The conquering Hero now returns with Praiſe,
A Clue directs him through the giddy Maze,
Elſe his miſguided Steps would darkling rove
In the blind Windings of the treach'rous Grove.
It now remains the Virgin's Flight to ſing,
Her ſudden leaving the afflicted King.
The Mother mourn'd her Child's unhappy Caſe,
Her Siſter ſtop'd her with a forc'd Embrace:

But Father, Siſter, Mother, little mov'd,
Her all ſhe yielded for the Man ſhe lov'd.
To *Dia*'s fatal Coaſt the Lovers ſteer,
Perfidious *Theſeus* leaves his Miſtreſs here.
Wrapt in deceitful Slumbers while ſhe lay,
The perjur'd Lover baſely ſtole away.
The Nymph with Cries aſcends the Mountain's height,
And o'er the diſtant Ocean ſtrains her Sight,
A boundleſs Tract: now in the Sea ſhe goes
Baring her Knees, and ſighing vents her Woes.

" Why did you take me from my Father's Hand
" To leave me, *Theſeus*, in a Foreign Land?
" Could you ſo ſoon my plighted Faith deſpiſe,
" And, perjur'd, dare the Anger of the Skies?
" Did nothing in your Breaſt perſuaſive prove,
" No ſoft Compaſſion melt your Soul to Love?
" Ah me! far other Promiſes you made,
" Far other Proſpects to my View you laid;

" The

" The Nuptial Joys I hop'd and Bridal Day,
" But envious Winds have born my Hopes away.
" Let now no Woman truſt in Man again!
" Falſe is his Promiſe, and his Vows are vain.
" When the ſtrong Paſſions riot unſuppreſt,
" Men promiſe largely with an open Breaſt;
" But ſoon as Love is with Poſſeſſion cloy'd,
" Their Words they heed not, and their Oaths are void.
" I ſav'd your Life and Honour when at Stake,
" And yielded up my Brother for your Sake.
" For this by Beaſts I now muſt die unmourn'd,
" No Tomb to hide me, and no Rites perform'd.
" Surely your Race is not deriv'd from Men,
" Some Savage Monſter whelpt you in her Den;
" Some raging Ocean in her Boſom bore,
" Some *Scylla* ſuckled on her cruel Shore;
" Who theſe Returns beſtow; who thus repay
" Your Life defended in the fatal Day.

" If

" If that your Father's Orders you revere,
" And hence a Foreign Contract juſtly fear,
" You might at leaſt have carry'd me a Slave,
" A pleaſing Servitude is all I'd have.
" Though Princeſs born, yet humbly at your Board
" I'd act th' officious Handmaid to my Lord.
" The Bath prepare againſt you homeward ſped,
" Adorn with Purple the forbidden Bed.
" But why lament I to the empty Air?
" Can the Winds anſwer, or the Tempeſts hear?
" He that ſhou'd liſten is for ever loſt,
" And there's no Creature on the dreary Coaſt.
" For cruel Fate has plac'd me here alone,
" Nor left one Perſon to partake my Moan.
" O that all-knowing Heav'n had ne'er decreed
" The *Cretan* Bull by *Theſeus'* Arm to bleed!
" Happy, too happy, did I live, before
" The *Grecian* Gally touch'd my Native Shore.
" I little thought in ſuch a Face was Guile,
" Nor ſaw the Michief lurking in his Smile.

" Now

" Now what's to do, what wretched Hopes remain?
" Shall I my Father's Kingdom ſeek again?
" No, there the Earth ſtill reaks with Brother's Blood,
" Nor can I paſs the intermediate Flood.
" Shall I then think my *Theſeus* ſtill is true?
" No, for the Traitor baſely fled my View.
" Cruel Dilemma! could I get away,
" No Hopes are left me, Death is in my Stay:
" For neither Dwellings nor Companions here,
" No Object glads the Eye, nor Voice the Ear;
" But where I turn my wearied Sight, there reigns
" A Death-like Horror o'er the ſilent Plains.
" Yet I'll not tamely die without Relief,
" Nor let my juſt Reſentment melt in Grief;
" But all the Heav'nly Pow'rs conjure in Death,
" And call down Vengeance with my lateſt Breath.
" Ariſe, ye Furies, from your Iron Beds,
" And rouſe the Snaky Terrors of your Heads;
" Rear each her ghaſtly Front, wherein we find
" The baleful Index of the latent Mind;

" O liſt,

" O liſt, attend to what my Pray'rs require,
" 'Tis Juſtice prompts me, and my Wrongs inſpire;
" Hear then Propitious, while I now impart
" The mournful Dictates of a broken Heart;
" Thoſe Ills which I from *Theſeus'* Hand ſuſtain
" Return on his devoted Houſe again."

Fir'd with Reſentment thus the Fair one pray'd,
And ample Curſes for her Grief repay'd;
Juſt *Jove* above with Pity ſaw her Ill,
And bowing ratify'd her cruel Will;
At which Convulſions ſeiz'd the trembling Ground,
And all the Frame of Nature ſhook around.

Now *Theſeus* homeward as he wings his Way,
Forgets thoſe fatal Orders to obey,
Which when he firſt from *Athens* did depart,
Were vainly treaſur'd in his faithleſs Heart:
Nor once bethought his anxious Sire to greet
With the glad Signal of his ſafe Retreat.

Fame ſings that *Ægeus*, when his Son with Haſt
Urg'd his Departure o'er the wat'ry waſt,
Thus taught the Youth, and as he ſpoke embrac'd.
My Son than Life more dear, ſince envious Fate
Divides ſo early what it join'd ſo late,
And your too forward Courage from me force,
Conſent unwilling for your dang'rous Courſe,
No Happineſs I'll ſuffer, no Delight,
When your lov'd Image leaves my longing Sight.
But ev'ry Face a Shew of Grief ſhall wear,
And you yourſelf no joyous Token bear.
I chief in Sorrow will lament a-while,
And in the Duſt my hoary Hairs defile;
Then on the Maſt a ſable Sail I'll rear,
To repreſent my Grief and black Deſpair:
But if our Guardian Goddeſs ſhall ordain,
That by your Hand the *Cretan* Bull be ſlain,
Then cautious heed, and let no length of Days
Theſe weighty Precepts from your Breaſt eraſe;

When

When firſt you ſee again your native Shore,
Change the Black Signal which your Veſſel wore,
And in its Room let peaceful White ariſe,
A diſtant Omen to my joyful Eyes.
To keep the Words the Youth in vain deſign'd,
They fled inſenſibly and left his Mind;
So fleecy Clouds, that on ſome Mount appear,
Melt by degrees and vaniſh into Air.
From a high Rock that beetles o'er the Flood,
With daily Care the penſive Father ſtood;
And when he ſaw impatient from afar
The fatal Signal floating in the Air,
Thinking his *Theſeus* was untimely ſlain,
He raſhly plung'd himſelf beneath the Main.

The Son now ſuffers in the Father's Fate,
And feels thoſe Sorrows which he gave ſo late,
When on the Shore he left the Nymph to mourn
Her Love rejected, and her Hopes forlorn.

To her Relief the blooming *Bacchus* ran,
And with him brought his ever jovial Train.
Satyrs and Fawns in wanton Dances ſtrove,
While the God ſought his *Ariadne*'s Love.
Around in wild diſtorted Airs they fly,
And make the Mountains echo to their Cry.
Some brandiſh high an Ivy-woven Spear,
The Limbs ſome ſcatter of a Victim Steer.
Others in ſlipp'ry Folds of Serpents ſhine,
Others apart perform the Rites divine
To wicked Men deny'd. Theſe Tabors take,
Theſe in their Hands the tinkling Cymbal ſhake,
While many ſwell the Horn in hoarſer Strain,
And make the ſhrill diſcordant Pipe complain.

Thus the whole Iſle in rural Pleaſure ſmil'd,
Their Dances artleſs, and their Muſick wild;
Yet did it all in happy Conſort meet,
Gay the Confuſion, and the Diſcord ſweet.
But *Bacchus* now enamour'd with his Prize,
Reſolv'd to make her Partner of the Skies,

She ſweetly bluſhing yeilded to the God,
His Car he mounted, and ſublimely rode,
And while with eager Arms he graſp'd the Fair,
Laſh'd his fleet Tygers through the buxom Air.

Looking on a TOMB STONE,

The Interred ſpeak.

AND ſo with Look inquiſitive you muſe
On the cold Earth that cloſe invirons me,
Pleas'd that thyſelf art free—but ah! how long
Who knows, when he who rais'd thee into Being,
May check his mighty Voice—his Voice, thy Frame
Solely ſupporting, and permit the Duſt
Again into its moulder'd State to drop!
Yet not for ought that Pow'r Almighty can,
Or human Imbecillity can not,
Doth the Fool-wicked ſtop his wild Career,
But boldly impious puſhes ſtill his Courſe,
'Till Death, the laſt dread Monitor intrudes.
Away, Repent, and be for ever wiſe.

On a WASP's ſettling on DELIA's Arm.

HOW ſweetly careleſs *Delia* ſeems,
Her Innocence can fear no harm,
While round th' envenom'd Inſect ſkims,
Then ſettles on her ſnowy Arm?

Ye flutt'ring Beaus and ſpiteful Bards,
To you this Moral true I ſing;
Senſe join'd to Virtue diſregards
Both Folly's Buz, and Satyr's Sting.

To the Rev. T. T. D. D.

By a FRIEND.

FRENCH Pow'r, and weak Allies, and War and Want——
No more of that, my Friend; you touch a String
That hurts my Ear. All Politicks apart,
Except a gen'rous Wiſh, a glowing Pray'r
For *Britiſh* Welfare, Commerce, Glory, Peace.
Give Party to the Winds. It is a Word,
A Phantom Sound, by which the cunning Great
Whiſtle to their Dependants. A Decoy,
To gull th' Unwary; where the Maſter ſtands
Encouraging his Minions, his train'd Birds,
Fed and careſs'd their Species to betray.
See with what hollow Blandiſhment and Art,
They lead the winged Captives to the Snare;
Fools! that in open Æther might have ſoar'd,
Free, as the Air they cut; ſipt pureſt Rills,
Din'd with the *Thames*, or bath'd in cryſtal Lakes.

We

We wear no Badges, no Dependance own:
Who truly loves thee, deareſt LIBERTY,
A ſilken Fetter will uneaſy ſit,

Heav'n knows, it is not Inſolence that ſpeaks
The Tribute of Reſpect, to Greatneſs due,
Not the brib'd Sycophant more willing pays.
Still, ſtill, as much of Party be retain'd,
As Principle requires, and Senſe directs;
Elſe our vain Bark, without a Rudder, floats
The Scorn and Paſtime of each veering Gale.

This gentle Ev'ning let the Sun deſcend
Untroubled: while it paints your ambient Hills
With faded Luſtre, and a ſweet Farewel,—
Here is our Seat:— That Caſtle oppoſite,
Proud of its woody Brow, adorns the Scene.

Dictate, O! vers'd in Books and juſt of Taſte,
Dictate the pleaſing Theme of our Diſcourſe.
Shall we trace SCIENCE from her Eaſtern Home
Chaldæan?

Chaldæan? or the Banks of *Nile*, where *Thebes*,
Nurſing her Daughter Arts, majeſtic ſtood,
And pour'd forth Knowledge from a hundred Gates?
There firſt the Marble learn'd to mimick Form,
The pillar'd Temple roſe; and Pyramids,
Whoſe undecaying Grandeur laughs at Time:
Birth-Place of Letters; where the Sun was ſhewn
His radiant Way, and Heav'ns were taught to roll.
There too the Muſes tun'd their earlieſt Lyre,
Warbling ſoft Numbers to *Serapis'* Ear;
'Till chas'd by Tyrants, or a milder Clime
Inviting, they remov'd with Pilgrim Harps
And all their Band of Harmony to *Greece*.

As when a Flock of Linnets, if perchance
Deliver'd from the Falcon's Talon, fly
With trembling Wing to cover; and renew
Their Notes: tell ev'ry Buſh of their Eſcape,
And trill their merry Thanks to Liberty.

The

The tuneful Tribe, pleas'd with their new Abode,
Poliſh'd the rude Inhabitants, whence Tales
Of liſt'ning Woods, and Rocks that danc'd to Sound.
Hear the full Chorus lifting Hymns to *Jove!*
Linus and *Orpheus* catch the Strain; and all
The raptur'd Audience utter loud Applauſe.

A Song, believe me, was no Trifle *Then*;
Weighty the Muſes' Taſk, and wide her Sway:
Her's was Religion, the reſounding Fanes
Echo'd her Language; POLITY was her's,
And the World bow'd to LEGISLATIVE Verſe.

As States encreas'd, and Governments were form'd,
Her Aid leſs uſeful, ſhe retir'd to Grots
And ſhady Bow'rs, content to teach and pleaſe.
Under her Laurel frequent Bards repos'd;
Voluble *Pindar* troll'd his rapid Song,
Or *Sappho* breath'd her ſpirited Complaint:
Here the *Stage-Buſkin*, there the *Lyrick Choir*,
And *Homer*'s epick Trumpet. Happy *Greece!*

Bleſt

Bleſt in her Offspring! Seat of Eloquence,
Of Arms, and Reaſon; PATRIOT—VIRTUE's Seat!
Did the Sun thither dart uncommon Rays!
Did ſome preſiding Genius hover o'er
That animated Soil with brooding Wings!
The ſad Reverſe might ſtart a gentle Tear;
Go ſearch in *Athens* for Herſelf, Enquire
Where are her Orators, her Sages, now:
Her Arſenal o'erturn'd, her Walls in Duſt,
But far leſs ruin'd, than her SOUL decay'd.
The Stone, inſcrib'd to *Socrates*, debas'd
To prop a reeling Cot. *Minerva*'s Shrine
Poſſeſs'd by thoſe, who never heard her Name.
Upon the Mount, where old *Muſæus* ſung,
Sits the gruff turban'd Captain, and exacts
Harſh Tribute: on the Spot, where *Plato* taught
His heav'nly Strains ſublime, a ſtupid Turk
Is preaching IGNORANCE and MAHOMET.
Turn next to *Rome*; is that the Clime, the Place,
Where once, as Fame reports, *Auguſtus* liv'd?

What

What Magick has transform'd her? ſhrunk her Nerves!
A wither'd Laurel! and a mould'ring Arch!—
Could the pure Crimſon Tide, the nobleſt Blood,
That ever flow'd, to ſuch a Puddle turn?
She ends, like her long *Appian*, in a Marſh;
Or *Jordan*'s River pouring his clear Urn
Into the black *Aſphaltus*' ſlimy Lap.
Patrons of Wit, and Victors of Mankind,
Bards, Warriors, Worthies (Revolution Strange!)
Are Pimps, and Fidlers, Mountebanks and Monks.
In *Tully*'s Bee-Hive, Magazine of Sweets,
The lazy Drones are buzzing or aſleep.—

But we forgive the Living for the DEAD,
Indebted more to *Rome*, than we can pay:
Of a long Dearth Prophetick, ſhe laid in
A Feaſt for Ages.—O thou Banquet nice!
Where the Soul riots with ſecure Exceſs.
What ſelf Delight! what pleaſing uſeful Hours
Repeated owe we to her letter'd Sons?
We, by their Favour, *Tiber*'s Walks enjoy,

Their

Their Temples trace, and ſhare their noble Games;
Enter the crowded *Theatre* at Will,
Go to the Forum, hear the *Conſul* plead;
Are preſent in the thund'ring *Capitol*
When *Tully* ſpeaks.—At ſofter Hours attend
Harmonious *Virgil* to his *Mantuan* Farm
Or *Bajan*: and with happy *Horace* talk
In Myrtle Groves by *Teverone*'s Caſcade.

Hail precious Pages! that amuſe and teach,
Exalt the Genius, and improve the Breaſt.
Ye ſage Hiſtorians, all your Stores unfold,
Reach your clear ſteady Mirror;—in that Glaſs
The Forms of Good and Ill are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly thou, divine Philoſophy,
Shed thy bleſt Influence; with thy Train appear
Of Graces mild; far be the Stoick boaſt,
The Cynick's Snarl, and churliſh Pedantry.
Bright Viſitant, if not too high my Wiſh,
Come in the lovely Dreſs you wore, a Gueſt

At *Plato's* Table; or at *Tuſculum*,
The *Roman* Feaſting his ſelected Friends.
Tamer of Pride! at thy ſerene Rebuke
See crouching Inſolence; Spleen and Revenge
Before thy ſhining Taper diſappear.
Tutor of human Life! auſpicious Guide!
Whoſe faithful Clue unravels ev'ry Maze,
Whoſe Conduct ſmooths the rougheſt Paths: whoſe Voice
Controlls each Storm, and bids the Roar be ſtill.
O condeſcend to gild my darkſome Roof;
Let me KNOW THEE,—the Delphic Oracle
Is then obey'd,—and I ſhall KNOW MYSELF.

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